

**Master Negative
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The Comic songster

London

[18--]

Reel: 36 Title: 24

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**RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100036.24**

Control Number: ADG-1944

OCLC Number : 27646824

Call Number : W PN970.E5 COMISx

**Title : The Comic songster : containing 430 songs, toasts,
sentiments, recitations, and dramatic readings, both comic
and sentimental.**

Imprint : London : T. Duggan, [18--]

Format : 62, ii p. ; 20 cm.

Note : "My shilling song book"--Cover.

Note : "All the most popular comic & sentimental song's"--Cover.

Note : Without music.

Note : Includes index.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

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Date filming began: 8/30/94

Camera Operator: CS

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The

CONC'S CONCERT MY SHILLING SONG BOOK

CONTAINING

430 SONGS

TOASTS SENTIMENTAL

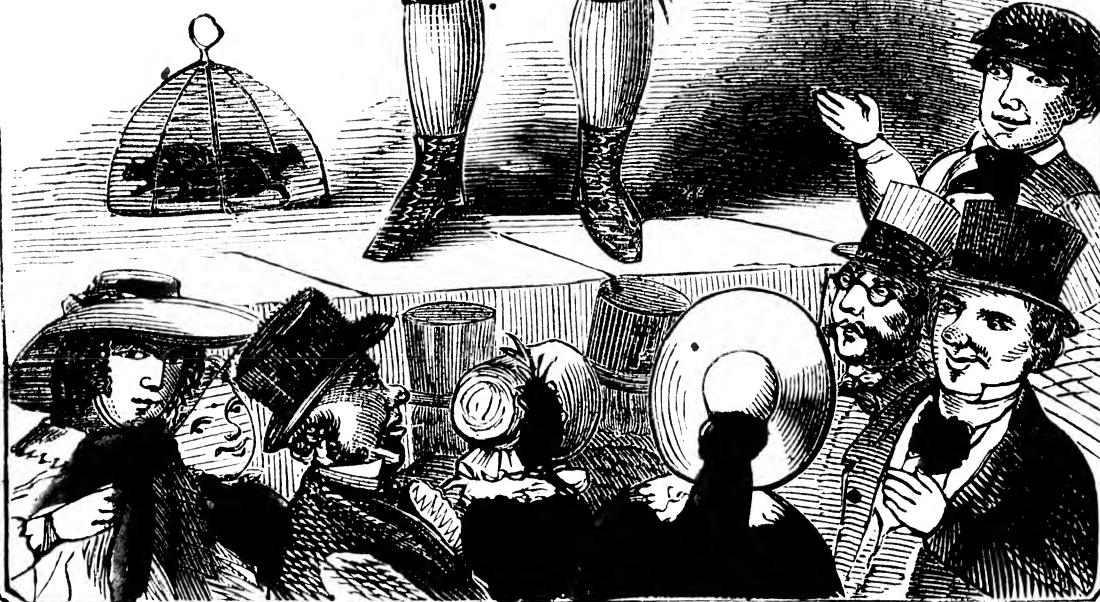
RECITATIONS

AND

DRAMATIC

READING'S &c

ALL THE MOST
POPULAR
COMIC
& SENTIMENTAL
SONG'S



ALTAIR THE MOST
PORTUAR
COURTIAL
JATIMENIAL
SONG 2

CONVENTION
EXPO 2014
RECOLLECTIONS
DRAMA 8
READINGS



W.H. & J. DODGE COMPANY

THE
COMIC
SONGSTER,
CONTAINING
430 SONGS, TOASTS, SENTIMENTS,
RECITATIONS,
AND
DRAMATIC READINGS,
BOTH
COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:

T. DUGGAN, 2, BARTLETT'S PASSAGE, FETTER LANE,
HOLBORN.

SUCCESS TO OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

RECITATION.

THE SLAVE'S FIRST HOUR OF
FREEDOM AND HIS LAST.

In a far isle, girt by the Indian wave;
 Stretch'd in his hut, lay an expiring slave;
 Born to this lot—the whip and galling chain,
 Long years of toil, indignity and pain,
 Want, and exposure to a burning sun,
 Had worn his frame—the sands of life were run.
 A hundred years his aged eyes had seen,
 Brown autumn's pride succeed the summer's green;
 No joy to him the varied seasons gave—
 Change as they would, they found him still a slave,
 Toiling for gold to feed some master's pride,
 Who squandered wealth his negro's blood supplied.
 Bow'd down by time, unfit for toil at last,
 As some tall plantain crush'd beneath the blast
 The old man lay—each giant sinew shrunk,
 Like wither'd ivy round his ruined trunk:
 Though helpless, wretched, yet he wished to live,
 Old as he was life had one boon to give,
 Tidings had reach'd him o'er the distant wave,
 Britain had granted freedom to each slave.
 He prayed for strength to wait the time whose knell
 Slavery's doom and freedom's birth should tell,
 The dial's hand was near the promised hour,
 When faintly struggling with death's iron power—
 "Father!" he cried, "before whose throne on high
 Is heard the negro's prayer, the negro's sigh,
 Let me but live to draw one freeman's breath,
 To own no master, ere I sink in death,
 And every wrong, each stripe and galling chain,
 Man has inflicted on our race for gain,
 For that blest boon, by every hope of heaven
 Shall from my secret soul be here forgiven!"
 His prayer was heard—was it his faith ne'er failed?
 Or charity or mercy that prevailed?
 Rude and unlettered, the poor dying slave
 Practised the Christian's virtue—he forgave!
 Soothed were his pains, calmly he sank to rest,
 Like a lull'd infant on its mother's breast:
 But ere his spirit fled its earthly clay,
 The night of slavery had passed away—
 The dial struck.—"I AM FREE!" the old man cried,
 "God's WILL BE DONE!" then faintly smiled and died.
 Each toil and care for him for ever past,
 The first sweet breath of Freedom was his last.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,
 Oh! why do you sit and weep?
 Do you think that He who guards me here,
 Forsakes me on the deep?

Let hope and faith illumine the glance
 That sees the bark set sail!
 Look, look at her now and see her dance,
 Oh, why do you turn so pale?
 'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
 So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee
 I love the galloping wave,
 'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
 And only carries the brave:
 It has born me nigh to the dark lee shore,
 But we struggled heart and hand,
 And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,
 Shames all your strife on land;
 The storm was long, but it found me true,
 So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
 And your boy goes down in the foam,
 Be sure the last breath on his lip,
 Is a prayer for those at home.
 But come, cheer up, methinks I heard
 A voice in the anchor-chain,
 That whispered like a fairy bird—
 "The bark will come back again;"
 God bless you mother, adieu, adieu!
 But never weep for your boy in blue.

MINNIE.

Music published by Jullien.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky,
 And the soft winds sigh through the grove,
 'Mid the fragrance of flowers and the green spreading bowers,
 A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.
 "Oh, Minnie, dear Minnie, come o'er the lea
 For the sun's beaming high in the cloudless sky,
 And a true heart is waiting for thee,
 A true heart is waiting for thee.

In the silent night when the moon shines bright,
 And the pale stars faintly peep,
 At my window I hear the same voice sweet and clear,
 Calling softly while mother's asleep—
 "Oh, Minnie, dear Minnie, come o'er the lea!"
 Then without a reply, like a bird soon I fly,
 To the heart that is waiting for me,
 The heart that is waiting for me.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia, the pride of the Ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 The world offers homage to thee.
 At thy mandate heroes assemble,
 When liberty's form stands in view,
 Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT—A FRIEND.

When war spreads its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm :
With her garland of victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colors prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

YES, 'TIS A SPELL !

Yes, 'tis a spell hath o'er me cast
Its all absorbing power,
And thus, for ever, may it last,
E'en to my latest hour.
Let those who cannot love forego
All hope of future bliss,
In Paradise they ne'er can know
More happiness than this.

Her bright eyes now before me shine,
And laughing, seem to say—
Thou lov'st me—my heart is thine—
Be happy while we may.
We will be happy,—nor forego
Such hope of future bliss,
In Paradise we ne'er can know
More happiness than this.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.

My heart is gladly beating, as I tread the
scene once more,
Where boy-hood gaily revelled, in the happy
days of yore:
And I greet the zephyr's melody, that round
me sweetly plays,
For its tune is still as joyous as it was in child-
hood's days.

My heart is gladly beating, &c.
The fragrant breath of summer, would fan the
boyish brow,
That once so fair, by cruel care, is sadly
altered now,
For the glossy raven tresses 'in which that
brow was drest,
Have faded 'neath the hand of time into a
snowy crest.

My heart is gladly beating, &c.
The green and waving meadow, the bed of
fragrant thyme,
The flowers fair, all seem to wear the dress
of olden time :
The wavelets on the river still seek their
sunny track,
And vanish like the golden hopes that never
can come back.
My heart is gladly beating, &c.

RECITATION.

THE MONK AND THE JEW;

OR, THE CATHOLIC CONVERT.

To make new converts truly blessed,
A recipe—*Probatum est.*

Stern winter, clad in frost and snow,
Had now forbade the steams to flow ;
And skated peasants swiftly glide
Like swallows o'er the slippery tide ;
When Mordecai—upon whose face
The Synagogue you plain might trace—
Fortune, with smiles deceitful, bore
To a cursed hole, but late skimmed o'er :
Down plumps the Jew, but in a trice,
Rising he caught the friendly ice.
He grasp'd—he yelled a hideous cry,
No friendly help, alas, was nigh !
Save a poor monk—who quickly ran
To snatch from death the drowning man.
But when the holy father saw
A limb of the Mosaic law,
His outstretched hand he quick withdrew—
" For Heaven's sake, help," exclaimed the Jew
" Turn Christian first," the father cries.
" I'm froze to death," the Jew replies.
" Froze!" quoth the monk, " too soon you'll
know,
There's fire enough for Jews below ;
Renounce your unbelieving crew,
And help is near."—" I do ! I do !"—
" D—n all your brethren great and small :"—
" With all my heart—oh ! d—n 'em all,
Now help me out." " There's one thing more,
Salute this cross, and Christ adore."
" There, there ! I Christ adore !"—" Tis well,
Thus armed, defiance bid to hell,
And yet another thing remains,
To guard against eternal pains ;
Do you our papal father hold
Heaven's vicar, and believe all told
By holy church ?"—" I do, by God,
One moment more I'm food for ~~and~~ !
Drag, drag me out : I freeze, I a.e !"
" Your peace, my friend, is made on high :
Full absolution here I give,
Saint Peter will your soul receive ;
Washed clean from sin and duly shriven,
New converts always go to heaven :
No hour for death so fit as this ;
Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss !"
So said the father, in a trice,
His convert launched beneath the ice.

JOE IN THE COPPER.

I'm going to tell a story,
The truth of which I know,
Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,
Whose sweetheart's name was Joe.
Of her mistress and her six-roomed house,
She was by no means proud ;
For 'twas one of those strict places,
Where—No followers are allowed.

THE UNION OF TWO BOND HEARTS.

MAY THE HINGES OF FRIENDSHIP NEVER RUST.

I heard her once relate,
How her mistress she did *do*,
One evening when her Joseph came—
And he was nigh *done* too!
“One night,” said she, “my Missus went
Quite early to the play;
And just as if it was to be,
My Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window—
I ope’d the area gate,
And let him in, and laid the cloth
For supper, ere ‘twas late;
As nice a ham as ere you clapp’d
Your two eyes on we’d there;
And, as luck would have it, on that day
The man had brought the beer.

When all at once came Missus back—
Whatever should I do?
(She’d chang’d her mind about the play)
So down the stairs I flew;
Poor Joseph creeping like a cat
Into the copper slid;
(Ah lucky thought)—but how I felt
As I popped down the lid.

Then down came Missus, and said she,
“We wash to-morrow morn—
You’d better light the copper fire,
And make the water warm.”
I nearly dropp’d down with affright,
But I was forced to go
And dip the water, which I poured
Into the copper on poor Joe.

I whispered to dear Joseph
As the first pail roused his fre,
“Don’t never mind the water, dear,
I won’t make up much fire.”
My Missus brought the lucifer,
And I was forced to strike it,
And to light the fire—while poor Joe
Kick’d as if he didn’t like it.

I really sank while he got hot,
When a thought came in my head—
And down the garden Missus ran,
To see which of her fowls was dead;
She took the candle in her hand,
And by its flickering glimmer,
Up the area steps Joe bolted
Just as he began to *simmer*.

TOM LONG SMITH, THE DOCTOR.

(A Comic Recitation.)

Hodge, a poor honest country lout,
Not overstock’d with learning,
Chanced on a summer’s eve to meet
The vicar home returning.

“Ah! master Hodge,” the vicar said,
“What, still as wise as ever?
The people in the village say
That you are wond’rous clever.”

“Why, mearster parson, as to that
I beg you’ll right conceive me,
I donna brag, but still I know
A thing or two, believe me.”

“I’ll try your skill,” the vicar said,
“Learning for your digestion;
Which soon you’ll prove,
By solving me a question—

Noah, of old, three babies had,
Or grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called—
Now who was Japhet’s father?”

“Adzooks!” cried Hodge, and scratc’d his
head,
“That does my wits belabour;
But homeward, howsome’er, I’ll run,
And ax old Giles, my neighbour!”

To Giles he went, and put the case
With circumspect intention,
“Thou fool,” cried Giles, “I’ll make it clear
To thy dull comprehension.

Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or cattle doctor, rather;
Tom, Dick, and Harry they are called—
Now who is Harry’s father?”

“Ad, rat it!” honest Hodge replies,
“Right well I know your lingo,
Who’s Harry’s father?—stop! here goes!—
Why Tom Long Smith—by jingo!”

Away he ran to meet the priest,
With all his might and main;
Who, with good humour, instant put
The question once again.

“Noah, of old, three babies had,
Or grown-up children, rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called—
Now, who was Japhet’s father?”

“I have it now,” Hodge, grinning, cries—
“I’ll answer like a proctor,
Who’s Japhet’s father, now I know—
Why TOM LONG SMITH, THE DOCTOR!”

OH! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER**FALL!**

Oh! let me like a soldier fall
Upon some opening plain;
This basteast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain.
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones my tell,
Howe’er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me;
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho’ o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell;
Enough, they murmur at my grave
He like a soldier fell.

OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

UP WITH THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND.

Hark, where the Lion is roaring,
List! list! 'tis the growl of the Bear;
Above the proud Eagle is soaring,
The Crescent waves high in the air;
The steed with impatience is neighing,
The flag of rude war is unfurled,
The trumpet its wild note is braying,
And threatens the peace of the world,

Then up with the standard of England!
Our watchword alone be "Advance!"
Up, up with the standard of England!
And raise the brave banner of France.

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted,
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tasted,
That ravens and wolves should be fed;
All that honour permits has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Mediation been met with foul scorn,
And now "war to the knife" must decide.
Then up with the standard, &c.

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to pursue,
Let Old England and France hand in hand
Show the world what combined they can do.
Let our scabbardless swords meet the light,
"Down, down with the tyrant" the cry;
'Tis for honour and justice we fight—
So forward, to conquer or die.
Then up with the standard, &c.

ALL'S WELL!

Deserted by the wanling moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless gloom,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell,"
"A friend"—"the word"—"Good night, all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer, oh! brother! quickly tell,"
"Above—below—good night! all's well."

THE RED CROSS BANNER.

Words by S. Nelson.

England! if still the patriot fires
That warm'd the bosoms of their sires
Dwell with thy sons—what heart can fail,
Long as there floats upon the gale
Thy Red Cross Banner proudly free,
Still to throb high for Liberty.

When first on Albion's sea-girt shore,
Her foot fair Freedom press'd,
Its hills and vales she wandered o'er,
And thus the soil she bless'd.
Land of the fair, the free, the brave
Rule thou the rolling sea;
There let thy Red Cross Banner wave
The foremost of the free.
Forth flew the word, from pole to pole,
And conquer'd worlds can tell,
As yet—where'er the billows roll—
We've kept our charter well.
There's not a shore that ocean laves
But Freedom there may see,
That England's Red Cross Banner waves
The foremost of the free.

And while one single shred will fly,
Lit by its glories past,
England must lift that banner high,
Must nail it to the mast!
For England's sun will set in shame,
And dark her doom will be,
If e'er her vaunting foes shall claim
The empire of the sea!

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather, young and old;
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold.
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessel's stately side,
Or the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air;
Or gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows
fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were
young,

And remember though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,

The happy songs of childhood which we sung;

And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,

Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall bear,

That "Britons rule the waves,

And never shall be slaves."

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows
fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,

The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,

And Scotland's sons shall join,

"In the days of auld lang syne,"

With voice by memory softened clear and low;

And the men of Erin's Isle,

Battling sorrow with a smile,

Shall sing "St. Patrick's morning" void of care,

And thus we pass the day,

As we journey on our way,

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows
fair.

MAY THE UNSUSPECTING MAN NEVER BE DECEIVED.

MAY WE LIVE TO DO GOOD AND DO GOOD TO DIE HAPPY

OSMOND'S DREAM.

(A Favorite Recitation, from The CASTLE SPECTRE.)

OSMOND. Save me, save me! thy are at hand! Oh, let them not enter.—(*sinks into the arms of Saib and Hassan.*)

SAIB. How violently he trembles. What can this mean?

HASSAN. Speak, my Lord! Do you not know us?

OSM. Ha! whose voice? Hassan, and Saib too, here! Oh, was it then but a dream? Did I not hear those dreadful—those damning words? Still, still they ring in my ears. Hassan, Hassan! death must be bliss—in flames or on the rack—compared to what I have this night suffered

OSM. A dream, say'st thou? Hassan, 'twas a dream of such horror, did such dreams haunt my bitterest foe, I should wish him no severer punishment. Mark you not how theague of fear still makes my limbs tremble? roll not my eyes as if still gazing on the spectre? Are not my lips convulsed, as if they were yet pressed by the kiss of corruption? Oh, 'twas a sight that might have bleached Joy's rosy cheek for ever, and strewed the snows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets! Hark, fellows! instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment! Me thought I wandered through the low-browed caverns of my ancestors. Suddenly a female form glided along the vault; it was Angela! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her—my arms were already unclosed to clasp her; when suddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom!—Hassan, 'twas Evelina!

SAIB & HAS. Evelina!

OSM. Such as she sank at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger crimsoned with her blood! "We meet again this night," murmured her hollow voice. "Now, rush to my arms—but first, see what you have made me—embrace me, my bridegroom! we must never part again." While speaking, her form withered away, the flesh fell from her bones, her eyes burst from their sockets; a skeleton, loathsome and meagre, clasped me in its mouldering arms.

SAIB. Most horrible!

OSM. And now blue dismal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent asunder; bands of fierce spectres rushed around me in frantic dance; furiously they gnashed their teeth, while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell, "Welcome, thou fraticide!—welcome, thou lost for ever!" Horror burst the bands of sleep; distracted I flew hither. But my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless, to express them.

SAIB. My lord, my lord, this was no idle dream. It was a celestial warning, 'twas your better angel that whispered, "Osmond, repent your former crimes. Commit not new ones." Remember, that this night should Kenrick—

OSM. Kenrick! oh, speak, drank he the poison?

SAIB. Obedient to your orders, I presented it to him at supper; but ere the cup reached his lips, his favourite dog sprang upon his arm, and dashed it to the ground untasted.

OSM. Praised be Heaven! then my soul is lighter by a crime. Kenrick shall live. What though he quit me, and betray my secrets. Proofs he cannot bring against me, and bare assertions will not be believed. At worst, should his tale be credited, long ere Percy can wrest her from me, shall Angela be mine. Hassan, to your vigilance I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that instant, should any unbidden footstep approach yon chamber door. I'll to my couch again. Follow me, Saib, and watch me while I sleep. Then, if you see my limbs convulsed, my teeth clenched, my hair bristling, and cold dew trembling on my brow, seize me—rouse me—snatch me from my bed!—I must not sleep again—oh, how I dread thee, Sleep!—friend of virtue, how I hate thy coming.

[Exit, followed by SAIB and HASSAN.]

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,

"Twas on a market day,

A low-back'd car she drove, and sat

Upon a truss of hay;

But when that hay was blooming grass,

And deck'd with flow'r's of spring,

No flow'r was there that could compare

With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-back'd car,

The man at the turnpike bar

Never asked for the toll,

But just rubbed his old poll,

And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,

Has strings of ducks and geese,

But the scores of hearts she slaughters,

By far outnumber these,

While she among her poultry sits,

Just like a turtle-dove,

Well worth the cage, I do engage,

Of the blooming god of love.

While she sits in her low-back'd car,

The lovers come near and far,

And envy the chicken

That Peggy is picking—

As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,

With Peggy by my side,

Than a coach and four, and gold galore,

And a lady for my bride;

For the lady would set forenest me,

On a cushion made with taste,

While Peggy would sit beside me,

With my arm around her waist.

While we drove in the low-back'd car,

To be married by Father Maher,

Oh, my heart would beat high

At her glance and her sigh,

Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

SUCCESS TO THE BRAVE AND FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE.

SINCERITY IN PATRIOTISM.

ENGLAND'S GUESTS.

Raise high old England's Redcross flag,
Unfur it free and wide,
With Gallia's lily let it wave
For ever side by side;
Let British guns in thunder speak
A welcome true to France;
From every casement greet the brave
With beauty's joyous glance.
A noble cause unites ye both—
Long be your laurels green—
For France, shout—Vive l'Empereur!
For us—God save the Queen!

Ye noble dames of Britain's isle,
Who plead in Freedom's cause,
A sister's greeting give to her
Who honors virtue's laws.
Eugenie, brightest gem that decks
Napoleon's regal crown,
May thine prove long a happy throne,
As honoured as our own.
A noble cause, &c.

Hail! great Napoleon! England's friend
Thy visit here shall be
A bond of friendship, sealed with faith
And hospitality—
And never, save as brothers, more
May France and England's sons,
On sea or land, together meet
To mau their nations' guns.
A noble cause, &c.

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cold winter's night and the tempest
was snarling,
The snow, like a sheet, covered cabin and
sty;
When Barney flew over the hills to his dar-
ling,
And rapp'd at the window where Katty did
lie.
"Arrah, jewel," says he, "are you sleepin'
or wakin'?"
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is
thin,
The storm is a brewin', the frost is a bakin',
Oh, Katty avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then, Barney," says Kate, and she spoke
through the window,
"How could you be takin' us out of our
bed?
To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin,
too,
It's whiskey, not love, has got into your
head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd
be tender;
Consider the time, and there's nobody in;
What has a poor girl but her name to defend
her?
No, Barney avourneen, I won't let you in."

"A-cush-la," says he, "it's my eye is a
fountain
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at
your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on
the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as
pure.
I'll go to my home though the winter winds
face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Katty shall comfort and
bless me,
"No, Barney avourneen, I won't let you
in."

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.

A wealthy gentleman in Hertfordshire,
Not troubled with an overplus of brains,
Like many a worthy country squire,
Whose craniums give them very little pains,
Lived quietly upon his own estate;—
He was a bachelor; but whether that
Argues in favour of his understanding,
Or militates against it, is a question
That I would wish to have no hand in,
But leave it to your cool digestion.
He ne'er perplex'd his pate
With the affairs of state,
But led a calm domestic life,
Far from the noise of town and party strife.
He loved to smoke his pipe with jovial souls;
Prided himself upon his skill at bowls,
At which he left his neighbours in the lurch:
On Sundays, too, he always went to church,
As should each penitential sinner;
Took, during sermon-time, his usual snore;
And gave his sixpence at the door,
And then walk'd comfortably home to dinner.
As there are many, I dare say,
Who into such affairs have never look'd,
I think I'd better mention by the way,
That dinners, ere they're eaten, should be
cook'd,
At least, our squire's were so before he took
'em.
And consequently he'd a cook to cook 'em.
Now as I shall have work enough
For this most gracious queen of kitchen
stuff,
It may not be amiss to tell you, that
(Of lusty beauty quite a master-piece)
This modern maid of fat
Surpass'd the famous dames of Greece;
Of course then she had lovers plenty—
Aye, that she had, sir—nearly twenty!
But none did she so dote upon
As our squire's lusty gardener, John.
It chanced one year, as almanacks can tell,
St. Michael's day on Sunday fell;
The squire, the night before, as was his use,
Gave Peggy orders to procure a goose;
Then went to church next morning cheerfully,
And order'd dinner to be done by three.
—'Twas half-past two—the cloth was laid,
Peggy the apple-sauce had made,

MAY WE ALWAYS BE HAPPY IN OUR NATIVE LAND.

MAY THE WINGS OF LIBERTY NEVER LOSE A FEATHER.

The bird was done, and she for master wishing ;
 When, lo ! attracted by the luscious gale,
 And somewhat elevated with strong ale,
 John popp'd into the kitchen.
 " What, cookee, got a goose ? well, come
 that's nice ;
 Faith, cookee, I should like to have a slice ;
 And apple sauce, too ! there's a darling, Peg,
 Do take a knife and cut me off a leg."
 " Cut off a leg ! that would be pretty fun ;
 What, serve it up to squire with *one*?"
 " Aye, to be sure : why, master durstn't,
 kill you ;
 I'll cut it off."—" *Adone*, you fool ! now, will
 you ?"
 What arguments he used, I cannot say ;
 But love, whose sceptre's all-commanding
 sway
 Cookmaids as well as countesses obey,
 Ordain'd it so, that, spite of all her reasoning,
 John stole the leg, with lots of sauce and
 seasoning.
 Though Peg, poor wench, was rather vex'd
 At this unlooked for, sad disaster.
 She was not quite so much perplex'd
 As you may think ; she had been used to gull
 The squire, and knew the thickness of his
 skull ;
 And consequently to this conclusion fell,
 That they who could do a goose so well,
 Would not be troubled much to do her
 master.
 Home came the squire, to the moment true,
 And rang for dinner in a hurry ;
 She brown'd the mutilated side anew,
 And put it on the table in a flurry.
 Soon as it met his eye, the squire
 Exclaim'd, with wonderment and ire,
 " Why, what the devil do you call this, Peg ?
 Zounds, huzzey, where is t'other leg ?"
 Peg curtsied, and replied in modest tone,
 " An't please you, sir, it never had but *one*."
 —" Only *one* leg ! where did you buy it
 pray ?"
 —" At Farmer Grains's, sir, across the way ;
 And if to-night, sir, you will go with me,
 I'll pledge my life that you shall see
 A number of the farmer's geese
 Which, like this bird, have only one a-piece."
 —" Well, prove it, and that alters quite the
 case ;
 But if you don't, mind, you shall lose your
 place."
 He ate his dinner, and began to doubt it,
 And grumbled most infernally about it.
 The place was brown'd like all the rest, he
 saw :
 " D—n it, she surely never ate it raw."
 Ev'nning arrives—Peg puts her bonnet on,
 And with her master to the farm is gone :
 With expectation big, they softly creep
 Where Farmer Grains's geese are fast asleep.
 Now to your recollection I will bring,
 That when these pretty creatures go to roost,
 They draw up *one* leg close beneath their
 wing,
 And stand upon the other like a post.

" There, sir," cries Peg, " now pray cease
 your bother ;
 There, sir, there's one ; and there, sir, is
 another !"
 —" Pooh, nonsense, stuff !" exclaims the
 squire, " now look ye—
 Hist, hist ! there, now they've got two legs,
 cookee."
 —" Aye, sir," cried Peg, " had you said that
 at home,
 Nor you, nor I, had e'er had cause to roam ;
 But recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten,
 You did n't say hist, hist ! to the one you've
 eaten ?"

MARY MAY.

They have chosen the proud stranger,
 Because a lord was he,
 Who could boast of wealth and riches,
 And a line of high degree.
 They have left me here to languish,
 To fade and pine away,
 They have made the world a desert,
 Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,
 And wandered by her side,
 She told me that she loved me,
 And vowed to be my bride.
 They have torn the tie asunder,
 She now is far away,
 They have left me broken-hearted,
 Bereft of Mary May.

POOR JOE, THE MARINE.

Poor Joe, the marine, was at Portsmouth well
 known,
 No lad in the corps drest so smart,
 The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a
 frown,
 His manliness won every heart ;
 Sweet Polly of Portsea he took for his bride,
 And surely there never was seen,
 A couple so gay march to church side by side,
 As Polly and Joe, the Marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a
 blaze,
 When thundering guns they heard rattle,
 And Joe in an instant was forced to the seas,
 To give the bold enemy battle.
 The action was dreadful, each ship a mere
 wreck ;
 Such a slaughter few soldiers have seen,
 Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the
 deck,
 And among them poor Joe, the Marine.

But victory, faithful to brave British tars,
 At length put an end to the fight,
 Then homeward they steer, full of glory and
 scars.
 And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.

MAY THE BRAVE NEVER DIE POOR.

The ramparts were crowded the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen,
But the very first sailor she chanced for to meet
Told the fate of poor Joe, the Marine.

The shock was severe, as light'ning's fork'd dart,
Her poor heart with frenzy wild fired,
She flew from the crowd, softly cried, " My poor heart,"
Clasped her hands, faintly sighed, and expired.
Her body was laid 'neath a wide spreading yew,
And on a smooth stone may be seen,
"One tear drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
For Polly and Joe, the Marine."

THE
RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER.

(Music published by Davidson.)

Not long ago in Vestminster,
There liv'd a ratcatcher's daughter,
But she did'nt quite live in Vestminster,
'Cause she liv'd t'other side of the vater;
Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,
All round and about that quarter;
And the gentlefolks all took off their hats,
To the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee ! doodle dum ! di dum doodle da !

She wore no hat upon her head,
No cap nor dandy bonnet,
The hair of her head all hung down her back,
Like a bunch of carrots upon it.
Ven she cried sprats in Vestminster,
She had such a sweet loud voice, sir,
You could hear her all down Parliament-street
As far as Charing Cross, sir.
Doodle dee, &c.

Now, rich and poor, both far and near,
In matrimony sought her,
But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
Did the purty little ratcatcher's daughter,
For there was a man sold lily-vite sand,
In cupid's net had caught her,
And right over head and ears in love
Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

Now lily-vite sand so ran in her head,
As she went along the Strand, oh !
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her head,
And cried, " D'y'e vant any lily-vite sand, oh !"
The folks, amaz'd, all thought her craz'd,
As she went along the Strand, oh !
To see a gal with sprats on her head
Cry, " D'y'e vant any lily-vite sand, oh !"
Doodle dee, &c.

Now ratcatcher's daughter so ran in his head,
He couldn't tell vat he was arter,
So, instead of crying " D'y'e vant any sand,"
He cried, " D'y'e vant any ratcatcher's darter ?"
His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed,
And couldn't think vat he was arter,
Ven he heard his lily-vite sandman cry,
" D'y'e vant any ratcatcher's daughter ?"
Doodle dee, &c.

They both agreed to married be
Upon next Easter Sunday,
But ratcatcher's daughter she had a dream
That she wouldn't be alive on Monday.
She went vunce more to buy some sprats,
And she tumbled into the vater,
And down to the bottom, all kiver'd up with mud,
Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

Ven lily-vite sand he heard the news,
His eyes ran down with vater,
Said he, " In love I'll constant prove ;
And—blow me if I'll live long arter."
So he cut his throat with a pane of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter ;
So here is an end of lily-vite sand,
Donkey, and the ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

RECITATION.

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

Early one fine morning, as Terence O'Feary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was thus accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

" God's 'bud ! Terry, man, what would you be after doing there wid them praties, an Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place ? Come along, ma bochel ! sure the praties will wait ! "

" Och ! no," says Terry, " I must dig on this ridge for the children's breakfast, an' then I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyond there at his own house."

" Bother take the stashin," says Mick, " sure that 'ud wait, too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin' ; and Terence, having finished " wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the chilid " had it at home wid the praties."

" Murther alive !" says he, " will I take it ? Sure the priest can spare it, an' it would be a rare throte to meeself an' the chilid at home

LOVE LIBERTY AND LENGTH OF BLISSFUL DAYS.

A BROADSIDE OF COMFORT TO EVERY DISTRESSED SOUL.

—to say nothing of meself that hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take it, why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's?—an' I'd have the sin of it sure. I won't take it (said he), an' it's nothing but the Ould Boy himself that's temptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way (said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it); Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruin'd, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thy an make the best of it, any how," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh, stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear, for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell ye; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like afore, sur, niver."

"Come (said Father O'Higgins), you must tell it to me."

"Why then, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why then, yer riverince, I went out one day to a gentleman's house upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' engaged, I was shewed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit of bacon hanging in the chimby-corner. I looked at it, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the Devil tempted me, for I put it into my pocket; but if you plaze sir, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me! (said Father O'Higgins); no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why then, your riverince, sur, I offered it to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he? (said the priest), then take it home, and eat it yourself with your family."

"Thank yer riverince kindly! (said Terence), an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God: but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if ye plaize, sir."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Upon the tented field a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard, lonely watch is keep-ing;

And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while 'll are sleeping:

"The Lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colors as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

Beneath the flag, &c.

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defy-ing,
While death and carnage onward still is borne
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying—

"The Lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colors as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

Beneath the flag, &c.

Stern death, now sated, quits the gory plain;
The life-blood from the warrior hard is streaming;
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming—

"The Lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colors as a token,
I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken."

And never has, &c.

TO THE WEST, TO THE WEST.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."
To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,

Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And he humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.

Where children are blessings and lie who hath most,
Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles spreading out as they go;

Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to us all.
There the prairies, like seas where the billows have rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old,
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;

A TRUE BLESSING—A GOOD WIFE.

We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, or breath
in the air;
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to
sigh;
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH!

'Tis of a rich merchant who in London did
dwell,
He had but one daughter, an unkinmon nice
young gall;
Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen year
old,
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.
Too ral ral, loo ral ral, too ral ral la.

(Chorus for the silver and gold.)
Too ral, &c.

As Dinah was a valiking in the garden one day
Her papa he came to her and thus he did say,
"Go dress thyself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
And take yourself a husibond both galliant
and gay." Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the expectant husibond,) Too ral, &c.

SPOKEN.—This is what the infant progedy
said to the author of her being:—

"Oh! papa, oh, papa! I've not made up my
mind,
And to marry just yet why I don't feel inclined
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me live single a year or two
more." Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the suppliant maiden.)
Too ral, &c.

SPOKEN.—This is what the indignant parient
replied—I represent the father—

"Go, go, boldest daughter,—the parient re-
plied—
"If you won't consent to be this here young
man's bride,
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of
kin,
And you sha'n't reap the benefit of one single
pin." Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for indignant parient—very bass.)
Too ral, &c.

SPOKEN.—Now comes the confabbergasta-
tion of the lovier:—

As Vilikins vas a valiking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the
ground,
And the cup of cold pison it lay by her side,
With a billet-doux a stating 'twas by pison she
died. Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the chemist round the corner
where the pison was bought.) Too ral, &c.

SPOKEN.—This is what the lovier did.—

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times
o'er,
And called her his Dinah, though she was no
more,
Then swallowed the pison like a lovyer so
brave,
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in one
grave. Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the disconsolate lovyer.)

Too ral, &c.

MORAL. Ther,
Now all you young maidens take warning by
Never not by no means disobey your gove-
nor,
And all you young fellows mind who you clap
your eyes on,
Think of Vilikins and Dinah and the cup of
cold pison. Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for pisoned people) Too ral, &c.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND
CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me, doth
appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

B鲁. You wronged yourself to write in
such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its com-
ment.

B鲁. Yet, let me tell you, Cassius, you
yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speake
this,
Or by the gods, this speech were else your last.

B鲁. The name of Cassius honours this
corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

B鲁. Remember March, the ideas of March
remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this
world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty meed of our large honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

B鲁. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am!

ALBION THE PRIDE OF THE SEA.

THE LIFE WE LOVE WITH THOSE WE LOVE.

Bru. I say, you are not.
 Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
 Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
 Bru. Away, slight man !
 Cas. Is't possible ?
 Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?
 Cas. Oh gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?
 Bru. All this ? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart breaks !
 Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you, must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you ; and from this day forth
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.
 Cas. Is it come to this ?
 Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
 Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus ;
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better ;
 Did I say better ?
 Bru. If you did, I care not.
 Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
 Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.
 Cas. I durst not !
 Bru. No.
 Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?
 Bru. For your life you durst not.
 Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
 I may do what I shall be sorry for.
 Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
 For I can raise no money by vile means.
 By Heav'n, I'd rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection. I did send to you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me ; was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts !

Dash him to pieces !
 Cas. I denied you not.
 Bru. You did.
 Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus have rived my heart.
 A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
 Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.
 Cas. You love me not.
 Bru. I do not like your faults.
 Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
 Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.
 Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
 Check'd by a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast—within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold !
 If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart ;
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar. for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
 Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.
 O, Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.
 Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?
 Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
 Cas. Do you confess so much ! Give me your hand.
 Bru. And my heart, too.
 Cas. O Brutus !
 Bru. What's the matter ?
 Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?
 Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth.
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

MAY BRITISH SEAMEN NEVER BE NEGLECTED.

JOE MUGGINS.

Joe Muggins he stood by his old donkey cart,
 Brushing his old black moke.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE, AND ENVY TO NONE.

OUR BELOVED SOVEREIGN THE QUEEN.

When down came his lady love, Sally Bell,
And thus to her Muggins she spoke, spoke,
spoke,

And thus to her Muggins, &c.

" Oh, where are you going, Joe Muggins,"
she said

" Oh, where are you going," said she.

" I'm going, my scrumptious Sally Bell,
To Smithfield, to sell my donkey, key, key,
key,

To Smithfield, &c.

" When will you be back, Joe Muggins," she
said,

" When will you be back?" said she.

" Bout half-past five or six at the most,
So get me a bloater for tea, tea, tea."

So get me, &c.

Now, he'd only gone 'bout a couple of hours,
To Smithfield, and sold his donkey,
When the thought of the bloater came into
his head,

" I hope it's a soft roe," said he, he, he.

I hope it's a soft, &c.

So he walk'd and he walk'd on the marrow-
bone stage,

Till he com'd to the fam'd Rose and Crown;
When he saw his young woman stretch'd out
on the floor,

And the people all fighting around, round,
round.

And the people, &c.

Then he sent for two boxes of Morison's pills,
And her throat twenty-six he rammed
down;

Saying, " You won't get drunk in a hurry
again,"

As the pills she kept swallowing down,
down, down.

As the pills, &c.

Sally died all thro' taking the pills, so they
say,

Which made Joey shiver with fright,
So he swallow'd six dozen without delay,
And gave up the ghost that night, night,
night.

And gave up, &c.

Joe Muggins was buried that very next day,
And Sally in less than a week;

When out of her ashes a carrot there grew,
And out of his bosom a leak, leak, leak.

And out of his, &c.

Now, they grew and they grew to the top of
the grave,

When they wasn't let grow any more,
For down they was cut to season the soup
That was given away to the poor, poor,
poor.

That was given, &c.

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,

Ah, never look so shy,

But meet me, meet me in the evening,

When the bloom is on the rye.

The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear.

The summer nights are coming, love,

The moon shines bright and clear.

Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,

Ah, never look so shy,

But meet me, meet me in the evening,

When the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,

And I will buy the ring,

The lads and maids in favours white,

And the village bells shall ring.

The spring is waning fast, my love,

The corn is in the ear,

The summer nights are coming, love,

The moon shines bright and clear.

Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,

Ah, never look so shy,

But meet me, meet me in the evening,

When the bloom is on the rye.

RECITATION.

THE BARREL OF PORK.

Two Israelite brothers in New York once
dwelt.

And in all kinds of merchandize freely they
dealt;

They were thought to be wealthy: between
me and you,

Each brother was really as rich as a Jew.

No creditors e'er went away from their door,
Till death called on Moses to settle his score;
No mortal can ever evade such a call,
So Moses he slept, sir, his last sleep of all.

Then Isaac, his brother, exclaimed, " Lucky
elf!

All his goods and his moneys belong to my-
self!

Ah, but stop! dere's his will; I must just read
it through,

To see what poor Moses would have me to
do."

The will thus it ran:—" When I cease to live,
All my cash and my goods to my brother I
give,
Upon this one condition, that hard he shall
toil,
To bury my body in English soil."

Isaac tried every captain, but could not pre-
vail,

For none would agree with the body to sail;
But, not to be baulk'd, he set quickly to work,
And embark'd it at last as a barrel of pork.

Moses was cut up to pieces with chopper and
knife;

He had never been cut up so much in his life.
Isaac wrote to his agent, explaining the plan,
And begged him to bury the poor pickled man.

Some months after this, as he walked on the
wharf,
He met with the captain, a sallow-faced dwarf,

MAY THE PILOT OF REASON GUIDE US TO THE HARBOUR OF REST.

MAY MISFORTUNE MAKE US WISE.

"Vell, goot captain," he cried, looking cautiously round,
"You delivered my parcel, I hope, safe and sound!"

Said the captain, "Friend Isaac, I'm sorry to say,
That during our trip we were near cast away,
When in sight of old England we lay a sheer hulk,
Provisions being scarce, we were forced to break bulk."

"Preak pukl!" roared out Isaac, "you're worse nor a Turk;
But surely you ne'er proke my barrel of pork?"
"Indeed, but we did," cried the captain,
"don't huff,
For I'll pay your own price—though 'twas devilish tough."

"Oh, mine Got!" cried poor Isaac, "as I am a sinner,
You've eaten my poor proder Moses for dinner!"

"Your brother! why sounds, then myself and my crew,
Have regaled for three days on a piece of tough Jew."

"But come now, friend Isaac, to finish this work,
I'll pay for your brother as though he were pork."
"No, no!" replied Isaac, "though we cheat another,
Our law won't permit us to sell our own brother!"

The captain again in his purse put the gold,
Which Isaac espying, cried, "Goot captain, hold!
Though I can't touch the cash for that proder of mine,
You can pay me, you know, for de parrel and prine!"

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

Far over hill and plain freely we roam,
Where Nature's beauties reign we make our home.

Unfurl the gipsy's tent! who shall gainsay?
None dare our path prevent, roam were we may.

Still over hill and plain gaily we roam,
No thought of care or pain reaches our home.
Hark! the proud eagle's scream—such is our song,
Free as the mountain stream rude rocks among.

Now by the green hill-side basking we lie,
Or by the rippling tide care we defy;
Wild as the dashing wave far o'er the sea,
What though tempest rave, reckless are we.

Far over hill, &c.
Yet to our fealty still are we true,
Chaunting of liberty, woods and wilds through.

Who would the shackles bear home doth entwine?

Tribe of the gipsy, ne'er thraldom be thine!
Far over hill, &c.

JIMMIE.

(Parody on Minnie.)

When my spirits are high, if I've cash in my cly,

And I feel in the humour to rove,
Spite of sunshine or showers oft I ramble for hours,

On the arm of my own "fancy cove."
Then, its Jimmie, dear Jimmie, come on the spree,

For I feel precious dry, but a "public" is nigh,

And flash Polly is waiting for thee,
Flash Polly is waiting for thee.

And when it is night, if I'm jolly well tight,

And I feel just inclined for a sleep,
Towards my lodgings I steer, in a deep state of beer,

And into my "bug walk" I creep.

But Jimmie, dear Jimmie, comes not with me,
He some new dodge will try, while a-snoring I lie,

To be raising the wind, d'ye see,
To be raising the wind, d'ye see.

OLD SIMON, THE CELLARER.

Old Simon, the cellarer, keeps a rare store
Of malmsey and malvoisie,
And cyprus, and who can say how many more,

For a chary old soul is he.
Of sack and canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale,
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day;
But, ho, ho, ho, his nose doth show,
How off the black-jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she:
From thence, oft at curfew is wafted a fume,
She says it is rosemary,
But there's a small cupboard, behind the back stair,

And the maids say they often see Margery there.

Now, Margery says she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold.

But, ho, ho, ho, old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-backed chair,
And talks of taking a wife,
And Margery oft has been heard to declare,

She ought to be settled for life.
Now, Margery has, so the maids say, a tongue;

She's not very handsome, nor yet very young;
So, somehow, it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead.
With ho, ho, ho, he'll chuckle and crow,
"What, marry old Margery?—no, no, no, no!"

SELECTION FROM LUKE THE LABOURER.

WAKEFIELD, a broken-down farmer; LUKE, a purse-proud, revengeful Countryman.

Luke. I ha' summit to say, summit at my tongue's end—it must come out. Farmer, do you recollect when you sent me away fra' you service? Do you recollect when I were starving for want o' work; and, because I were at times given to drink, you turned your back upon me? I ha' never been a mon since that time.

Wake. What do you wish to rake up old affairs, that ha' been gone by many a day?

Luke. If it had been gone by a hundred years, and I alive, I should never ha' forgotten it; and I must and will tell thee on't. I never had the chance afore, but now it do all come fresh upon my brain, my heart do seem ready to burst wi' summit buried in it, and I cannot keep it down. You turned me away, and I had not a penny in the world, nor a bit o' bread to put in mine nor my wife's mouth. I then had a wife, but she sickened and died—yes, died—all along o' you.

Wake. You never came to me in a right way.

Luke. She wouldn't let me go to the parish, because she were daughter of as good a man as you were then; so we crept on little by little, and bad enough it were. But, at last, all things were cross; and at one time, when a bit hadn't been in my mouth for two days, I sat thinking, wi' my wife in my arms—she were ill, very ill—I saw her look at me wi' such a look as I shall never forget; she laid ho'd o' this hand, and putting her long thin fingers all around it, said—"Luke, would na' the farmer give you sixpence if he thought I were dying for want o' bread?"—I said, I'll try once more. I got up to put her in a chair, when she fell, stone dead, at my feet. [After a pause.] I were then quite ruined—I felt alone in the world. I stood looking on her white face near an hour, and did not move from the spot an inch; but when I did move, it were wi' my fist clenched in the air, while my tongue, all parched and dry, cursed a curse, and swore, that if I had not my revenge I wish I might fall as stiff and as dead as she that lay before me.

Wake. Tell me, Luke, did you not bring all your troubles on yourself? did you not drink, and swear, and be idle for whole days?

Luke. [Not heeding him.] I'll have it yet—if I die for it, I'll have it. Yes, yes, you arn't the man you were once; you are not that Farmer Wakefield that stood almost as high as the squire. Noa, noa, Luke ha' seen that which has been bread to him.

Wake. Villain, leave the house; you shan't bide in this place a moment. Leave my house! I say!

Luke. I arn't yet had my full o' what pleases me;—here is a little alteration here.

Wake. Do you abuse me on my own hearth? Now, Luke, heed me; if you don't

instantly go out, I'll lay hold of you by the neck, and send you forth quicker than you came in. [Seizes Luke, but is grappled in return by the throat. Luke dashes him on the ground, and rushes out, with a loud laugh.]

GOD BLESS THE GALLANT SOLDIER.

Music published by Campbell and Ransford.

Oh, Donald, dear, 'tis death to part!

Yet, since 'tis fate's decree,

No grief of mine shall wring the heart

That beats, I know, for me!

O grant that these fast-falling tears

Were all that need to flow,

Or that you, my husband kind and true,

Were all that need to go.

Let every wife and mother, then

To this prayer say "Amen!"

God bless the gallant soldier,

And send him home again.

If it were not that our little ones

Will need a mother's care,

How proudly at thy side I'd march,

The battle's rage to dare!

Then go, beloved husband, go;

And though this heart may break,

It were better so, than Englishmen

With coward fear should quake.

Let every wife, &c.

March on with France, our ancient foe,

But now our firmest friend!

For truth and freedom strike the blow,

And Heaven its aid will lend,

Ful well I know my Donald will

Be foremost in the fight;

So farewell, love; God's will be done!

May he protect the right!

Let every wife, &c.

THEY SAY I'M TOO LITTLE FOR ANYTHING.

From a child I've been subject to strife,

My unlucky form seems to fit ill,

For I never could get me a wife,

Because I'm so ugly and little.

I'm one of those unthriving roots,

Such a poor little, bandy-legged, skinny

thing,

That I'm scarcely four feet in my boots,

And they say—I'm too little for anything.

Tol de rol, &c.

As I walk through the streets ev'ry one

Is quizzing, and boxing, and jeering me,

And the ladies at me poke their fun,

All the time they are winking and leering

me.

Each damsel my joy doth oppose,

Though they into trouble will many bring,

They one and all turn up their nose,

And say—I'm too little for anything.

Tol de rol, &c.

PEACE TO THE PEACEFUL.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION REALIZED.

I courted a lass six feet high,
But their fun folks would be at me pitching
They say that she was in the sky,
While I was down in the kitchen;
Then out the boys after us ran,
And shouting aloud thus would many sing,
Oh, there goes the queer little man!
Don't you think he's too little for anything.
Tol de rol, &c.

In vain I my passion did speak,
To please her I never was able,—
If I wanted to kiss her fair cheek,
I was forced to get on the table;
If I vexed her she'd whop me, oh, lord,
Cross her knees my poor hide she would
tan again;
And I dare not to her say a word,
Because—I'm too little for anything.
Tol de rol, &c.

For a soldier poor me she forsook.
For he well knew the way how to flatter
her;
Then courting I went to a cook,
As tall as a giant, and fatterer,
In nine months she'd—what a go!—
A poor little dumpy and skinny thing;
Said I was it's father, although
You know I'm too little for anything.
Tol de rol, &c.

So single I fear I must go,
Scorned by the young and the beautiful,
Would some lady pity my woe,
I'd be ever tender and dutiful—
When married—what joy 'twould impart,
When around us time youngsters should
many bring,
For I vow that I'll do my part,
Although I'm too little for anything.
Tol de rol, &c.

RECITATION.

HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened
thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids
down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why, rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly
couch,
A watch-case to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brain

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitations of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
there
With deafening clamour in the slippery
shrouds,
That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

THE BOLD BLOOD-HOUND.

Rise, Herod, my hound, from the stranger's
floor—
Old friend, we must wander the world once
more—
For no one now liveth to welcome us back;
So come, let us speed on our fated track.
What matter the region—what matter the
weather—
So you and I travel till death together?
And in death, why e'en there, I may still be
found,
By the side of my beautiful black blood-
hound!
What! Herod, old hound! dost remember
the day,
When I fronted the wolves like a stag at bay!
When downwards they galloped to where I
stood,
Whilst I staggered with fear in the dark pine-
wood
Dost remember their howling—their horrible
speed?
God, God! how I prayed for a friend in need!
And he came, ah, 'twas then my dear Herod I
found,
That the best of all friends was my bold
blood-hound!
Men tell us, dear friend, that the noble
hound,
Must ever be lost in the worthless ground;
Yet "Courage," "Fidelity," "Love," they
say,
Bear men, as on wings, to the skies away!
Well, Herod, go tell them, whatever may
be,
I'll hope I may ever be found by thee,
If in sleep, or in heaven, with heaven around,
May'st thou follow e'en thither, my dear
blood-hound!
My dear, my dear blood-hound.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier, tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

MAY THE LIBERTIES OF MAN NEVER BE CLIPPED.

MY MARY ANNE.

Music published by Davidson. St. Peter's-hill,
Doctor's Commons.

Fare you well, my own Mary Anne!
Fare you well for a while;
For the ship it is ready, and the wind it is fair
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

Don't you see that turtle dove,
A sitting on yonder pile,
Lamenting the loss of its own true love—
And so am I for mine, Mary Anne,
And so am I for mine, Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

A lobster in a lobster-pot,
A blue-fish dangling on a hook,
May suffer some, but oh! no not
What I do feel for my Mary Anne,
What I do feel for my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

The pride of all the produce rare,
That in our kitchen grow'd,
Was pumpkins, but none could compare
In angel form to my Mary Anne,
In angel form to my Mary Anne.
Fare you well, &c.

POLLY WON'T YOU TRY ME, OH?

Down in Skytown liv'd a maid,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
Churning butter was her trade,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

She lov'd a feller whose name was Will,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
His dad he used to own the mill,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

Kemo kimo, where? oh, there! my high, my low,
Then in come Sally singing,
Sometimes, Medley winkum lingtum nip cat,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

She wanted Will for worse or better,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
She'd have married, but Dad wouldn't let her
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

And so she went and got a knife,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
She broke her heart and lost her life,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

Kemo kimo, &c.

Then Josh he felt his dander risin',
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
So he went and swallow'd pisin,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

The village folks laugh'd in their sleeve,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
For Jordan's a hard road to travel I believe,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

Kemo kimo, &c.

BOBBING AROUND.

In August last on one fine day,
Bobbing around,
When Josh and I went to make hay,
We went bobbing around.

Says Josh to me, let's take a walk.
Bobbing around,
Then we can have a private talk
As we go bobbing around.

We walked along to the mountain ridge,
Bobbing around,
Till we got near Squire Slipshop's bridge,
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh and I tripp'd o'er the lea,
Bobbing around,
And I kiss'd Josh, and Josh kiss'd me,
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh's courage no more tarried,
Bobbing around,
Says he, dear Patience, let's get married,
Then we'll go bobbing around.

I knew he lov'd another gal,
Bobbing around,
They called her long-legg'd, crook'd-shin,
curly-tooth'd Sal;
Where he went bobbing around.

So after we got into church,
Bobbing around,
I ran and left him in the lurch;
Then he went bobbing around.

You chaps who would deceive a gal,
Bobbing around,
Think of long-legg'd, crook'd-shin, curly
tooth'd Sal,
When you go bobbing around

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray,

That give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day;
But there is an angel in the house,
Meek, watchful, and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near;
It is the one, the chosen one,
That's link'd to us for life.
The angel of the happy home,
The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth,
I'm sure it must be so,
When round our path, scarce seen by us,
Such bright things come and go
Are there not beings by our side,
As fair as angels are,
As pure, as stainless, as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?
Yes! there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innocent, and mild,
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each lov'd and loving child.

RECITATION.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending—
Hath this extent—no more. Rude am I in
speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,

What charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with—

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles; sieges, fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And with it all my travel's history;

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads

touch heav'n.

It was my bent to speak. All these to hear.

Would Desdemona seriously incline.

But still the house affairs would draw her thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse: which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a pray'r of earnest heart,

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;

Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not distinctively. I did consent,

And often did beguile her of her tears,

When I did speak of some distressful stroke

That my youth suffer'd. My story being done

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—

She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd

That Heav'n had made her such a man—she thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them,
This is the only witchcraft I have used.

AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN.

Afloat on the ocean, my days gaily fly;
No monarch on earth is more happy than I;
Like a bright, brilliant star my trim bark
seems to me,
As sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the sea.
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my will,
And fate seems ambitious my hopes to fulfil.
Tra la la la, &c.

The sea was my birth-place, the morn was all bright,

When from a proud galley I first saw the light;
The land I first trod was the home of the vine,

Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good wine;
While I sail o'er the one, if the other be there,
A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh away care.

Tra la la la, &c.

ANNIE, DEAR, GOOD BYE.

I'm leaning o'er the gate, Annie,
'Neath thy cottage wall;
The grey dawn breaks; the hour grows late,
I hear the trumpet's call.
I could not brook thy cheek so pale,
The sad tear in thine eye—
This heart which laughs at war might quail,
So, Annie, dear, good bye.

This heart, &c.

I'm marching with the brave, Annie,
Far from home and thee,
To win renown, perhaps a grave,
A glorious one 'twill be.
But whatsoe'er the fate I meet,
To conquer or to die,
This heart's last throb for thee will beat—
So, Annie, dear, good bye.

This heart's, &c.

BALAKLAVA.

His watch, on Balaklava's heights,
The weary sentry kept;
In silence from Sebastopol,
A host, unnumber'd, crept—
And dimly in the fitful light,
Their sable helmets gleam'd,
While France and England's war-worn sons
In fancied safety dream'd.

BAD LUCK TILL WE ARE TIRED OF IT.

Hark, hark, from yon remote redoubt—
There comes a stifled cry!
From men, who, tho' by numbers press'd,
Knew bravely how to die!
And now the bugle's warning note
Rings out a summons clear!
"Up, up,—to horse," the shout resounds,
From vanguard to the rear.

Then hurriedly the order flew
Those dreadful guns to take.
Whose deadly fire, in that dark vale,
Did fearful havoc make—
The lion-hearted Cardigan,
With twice four hundred men,
Rushed on, a certain death to meet!
But they were Englishmen!

The Russian guns, on every side,
Did fierce destruction pour;
Thro' ranks of that devoted band,
The iron bullets tore.
All honour to those noble French!
Who, in that noble fight,
With us, like brothers, side by side,
Subdued the Muscovite.
His Tartar hordes, like autumn leaves,
Before Canrobert fell!
How England fought at Inkerman,
The sons of France can tell!
Then weave a chaplet for their brows,
The lily and the bay;
May France and England ne'er forget
The glories of that day.

BEN BOLT.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair hazel brown,
She wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted, &c.

Oh, don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide
spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
See, the old rustic, &c.

Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear running
brook,
Where we gather'd the flow'rs as they
grew.

O'er the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the running little brook is now dry,
And of all the friends who were schoolmates
then,
There remains, Ben, but you and I.

SIR

PERTINAX MAGSYCOPHANT'S
HISTORY OF WOING.

From "The Man of the World."

Sir Pertinax. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can bestow upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my wooing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Egerton. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now sir, with these materials I set out, a raw stripling, fra' the North, to try my fortune with them here in the Sooth; and my first step in the world was a beggerly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse : weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every man and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, wou'd be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty!—ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart; and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a—proud, vain, saucy, expensive impertinent sort of commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it! and in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointed, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisic, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir!

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till play-houses or assemblies—nae, sir, I ganged to the kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independant, and Muggletonain meetings, till the morning and evening service

MAY MIRTH EXALT THE FEAST.

of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the Methodists; and there, sir, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir, there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir. P. O, numbers, numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the Tabernacle at Moorfields; and as soon as I found she had the siller, aha, guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, aud and sung, and sighed, and groaned and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, hand-ed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, and buried her in a month;—touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart I began the world again;—and this, sir, was the first boo, this is the first effectual boo, I ever made till the vanity of human nature.—[Rise.]—Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

MOTHER,

IS THE BATTLE OVER?

Air—The Fairy Boy.

Mother, is the battle over
Thousands have been slain, they say,
Is my father coming?—tell me
Have the English gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing,
Since you last the paper read
Tell me, why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?
Ah, I see you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain,
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again.

Yes, my boy, your noble father,
Is one numbered with the slain,
We shall not see him more on earth,
But in heaven we'll meet again.
He died for old England's glory,
Our day may not be far between,
But I hope at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

MAY OUR LOVE OF THE GLASS NEVER MAKE US FORGET DECENTY.

THE

NIGHTINGALE IN THE EAST.

Air—Cottage and Mill.

On a dark lonely night, on the Crimea's dread shore—

There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before—
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there was none to be found.

Now God in his mercy He pity'd their cries,
And the soldier so cheerfully in the morning doth rise.

So forward my lads, may your hearts never fail.

You are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Now God sent this angle to succour the brave
Some thousands she's sav'd from an untimely grave:

Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous and good,

The wants of the wounded are by her understood.

[gone,
With fever some brought in, with life almost Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments is torn;

But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,

Now they're cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Her heart it means good—for no bounty she'll take,

She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake,

She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,

She feels that a soldier has a soul she may save.

The wounded they love her as it has been seen;

She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their queen!

May God give her strength, and her heart never fail,

One of heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale
The wives of the wounded how thankful are they,

Their husbands are cared for, how happy are they;

Whate'er her country, this gift God has given
The soldiers they say she's an angle from heaven.

Sing praise to this woman, and deny it who can!

And all women was sent for the comfort of man.

Let's hope no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver-house spoke—

" Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke,

MAY WE MEET AND BE MERRY.

NEPTUNE'S FAVOURITES—BRITIST SAILORS.

Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup—come fill up my
can—

Come, saddle my horses, and call out my
men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free
For it's up wi' the bonnets of bonnie Dun-
dee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells they ring backward, the drums they
are beat;
But the provost (douce mon) said just e'en let
it be,
For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dun-
dee,

Come, fill up, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands be-
yond Perth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are Chiefs
in the North;
There are brave dinnie vassals, three thousand
times three,
Will cry "heigh," for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee.

Come fill up, &c.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I'd crouch with the fox,
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your
glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up, &c.

CHARLIE.

Sequel to Minnie.

Oh, my heart is gay as a summer day,
When Charlie's by my side;
In the coming spring the bells will ring,
For I shall be his bride.
Ah, yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He, who is all, all the world to me!
Oh, were Charlie king, or the bravest knight
That ever banner bore,
I should not feel more proud than now,
Nor love him, love him more;
Were Charlie king, or the bravest knight,
I could not love him more.
Oh, his step is light, and his eye is bright,
As morning's radiant beam!
Of him I think the live-long day,
Of him at night I dream!
Ah, yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He who is all, all the world to me.
Oh, were Charlie, &c.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH
TO CROMWELL.

From Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear.
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,
Cromwell:

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion

Of me more must be heard of—say I taught
thee.
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of
glory,
And sounded all the shoals and depths of
honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man,
then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that

'hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy coun-
try's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fallest

O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
king;

And —— Prythee, lead me in.
There, take an invent'ry of ail I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
Courage! true hearts shall bear us on the
way;

Hope points before, and shows the bright to-
morrow;

Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
So, farewell, England! much as we may love
thee!

We'll dry the tears that we have shed be-
fore;

Why should we weep to sail in search of for-
tune?

So farewell, England! farewell evermore!

Cheer, boys, cheer! for England, mother
England.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong
right hand;

Cheer, boys, cheer! there's work for
honest labour.

Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and
happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blow-
ing,

To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;

NO MAGIC BUT THE MAGIC OF BRIGHT EYES.

The world shall follow in the track we're going;
 The star of Empire glitters in the West.
 Here we had toil and little to reward it,
 But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
 And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
 And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for England, mother England!
 Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

SPEECH OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

Before the Battle of Agincourt.

What's he that wishes more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin!
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and, if to live,
 The fewer men the greater share of honour.
 No, no, my lord—wish not a man from England:
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
 That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
 May straight depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company!
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian—
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian!
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
 Be, in their flowing cups, freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
 From this time to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England, now-a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And old their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

TO ALL HONEST REFORMERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE COTTAGE AND MILL.

Have you seen the new cottage just built by the squire?
 And is it not all a fond heart can desire!
 With its pretty white gate, which half open doth stand,
 And the clustering roses seem courting your hand.
 In its garden so trim, that you cannot but stay
 To gather the freshness, and bear them away,
 Yes, often I stroll to the church on the hill,
 Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill.
 Yes, there it was, once, stood the old water mill,
 And through the green meadows there rippl'd the rill.
 And welcome were we in the good miller's time,
 When the mill and its master were both in their prime;
 And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
 Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chorussed the song;
 But now, as I stro'l to the church on the hill,
 I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.
 Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,
 And Time, I confess, has some sad changes made,
 But time, as we know, like the mill goeth round,
 New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound.
 Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack,
 When neither the mill nor its labour was slack,
 As I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,
 Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill.

EMMA SNOW

I was down in Alabama,
 Not bery long ago;
 I knew a yaller charmer,
 Her name was Emma Snow.
 Her eyes were bright as di'mond,
 Her teeth were pearly white,
 And dey glisten'd in de darkness,
 As de moon does in de night.

But de happy time is ober,
 I'm full ob grief and pain,
 For I shall neber, neber see
 My Emma, dear, again.

I used to go out early,
 To hoe de sugar cane;
 De time it pass'd so cheerly,
 When my Emma, dear, was seen
 And when de work was ober,
 And de night it came again,
 We danc'd and sung right gaily,
 To de banjo's sweetest strain.
 But de happy, &c.

MAY WE LEARN TO LIVE WELL.

BRITISH LIONS—OUR GUARDS.

But de happiest heart has sorrow,
De brightest day has night,
I lost my lubly Emma
By de adder's poison bite.
We miss'd her in de ebening,
We hunted far and wide,
We found her in de meadow,
Where she'd pined away and died.
And de happy, &c.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

Published by Addison and Co., Regent-street.
There's a land that bears a well-known name,
Tho' it is but a little spot;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in heart, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give,
To that little land belongs;
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star, &c.

There's a flag that floats o'er every sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as aught but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot torn wreck,
But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman.
Its honour, &c.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breath'd in the words "I'm an Englishman."
It's a glorious, &c.

RECITATION.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes.
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work;
"Well, Farmer Numsell, how go calves at
York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer," cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Yees, very like, I often go there."
"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried, with a grin sardonic—
"I wish I'd known this prodigy—
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true—
Mind, you're on oath—so tell me, you,
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
"Why, no, sir; no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when you were there."

JOHNNY SANDS.

Music published by Duff and Hodgson.
A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "Then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "My love, I will."

Says she, &c.

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied the wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force.
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands."
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."
For you have, &c.

ALL SHIPS AT SEA, AND ALL SEA SHIPS.

LITTLE NELL.

Music published by Cramer and Co.

They told him gently she was dead.
 And spoke of heaven and smiled;
 Then drew him from the lonely room
 Where lay the lovely child.
 'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
 Their pitying looks of sorrow.
 "Hush, hush!" he cried, "she only sleeps,
 She'll wake again to-morrow!"
 Hush, hush, &c.

They laid her in a lowly grave,
 Where winds blew high and bleak,
 Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been
 Too rough to fan her cheek.
 And there the poor old man would watch,
 In strange, tho' childish, sorrow,
 And whisper to himself the words,
 "She'll come again to-morrow!"

And whisper, &c.

One day they miss'd him long, and sought
 Where most he lov'd to stray;
 They found him dead upon the turf
 Where little Nelly lay.
 With tottering steps she'd wander'd there,
 Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
 And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer,
 "Oh, let her come to-morrow!"
 The old man, dying, breath'd the prayer,
 "Oh, let her come to-morrow!"

RECITATION.

TELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks! I'm with you once again,
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld.
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are—how mighty, and how
 free!
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine—
 whose smile
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose
 forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free! I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
 O'er the abyss: his broad-expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath

And round about; absorb'd, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him. I could not
 shoot!—

"Twas liberty!—I turn'd my bow aside,
 And let him soar away?

Oh, with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless him that the land was free. 'Twas
 free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free.
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys without asking leave.
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
 In very presence of the regal sun!
 How happy was it then! I lov'd
 Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the
 lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain-gorge

The wind came roaring. I have sat, and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and
 smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own!
 On yonder jutting cliff—o'er taken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose
 storms
 Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine
 was free
 Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my
 head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

LORD LOVEL.

Published by Westfield and Co., Edinburgh.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
 Combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
 To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed.
 Wishing her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel? (she
 said),
 Oh, where are you going?" said she;
 "I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
 Strange countries for to see, see, see.
 Strange countries for to see.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel? (said
 she)
 Oh, when will you come back?" said she.
 "In a year or two, or three at most,
 I'll return to my Lady Nancy-cy-cy
 I'll return to my Lady Nancy.
 But he had not been gone a year and a day,
 Strange countries for to see,
 When languishing thoughts came into his
 head,
 Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see.
 Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

MAY THE CAUTIOUS FAIR ONE NEVER BE DECEIVED.

THE SOLDIER'S BOAST: UNSULLIED HONOR.

CHEERFULNESS IN OUR CUPS.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk white horse,
Till he came to London town,
When he heard St. Pancras bells ring,
And the people all mourning around, round round.

And the people all mourning around.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he,
"A Lord's Lady is dead," an old woman said,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy,"

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be turned down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down.

Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy died as it might be to day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow,
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in the cold church-yard,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier, rier rier.

And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,

And then they could grow no higher,
So there they entwined a in true lover's knot
For all true lovers to admire, rier, rier.

For all true lovers to admire.

MINNIE MOORE.

In last night's dream I saw again
Sweet faces I adore,
'Mid others was an old schoolmate—
Dear, gentle Minnie Moore,
And glided o'er my dreaming mind
Not only those I know,
But mem'ries of so many scenes,
All linked with Minnie too;
A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
Of innocence and glee,
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,
We'd stray beside the brooks,
And gath'ring wild flowers by their side,
We'd quite forget our books.
And trifle half the day away,
In some old mossy dell;
And going home at night I'd coax
Dear Minnie not to tell.
Such mem'ries are by far more dear
Than wealth and classic lore,
Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
Of youth and Minnie Moore.

RECITATION.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time.
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine, some.
Earth's cities had no sound or tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words, and high,
That shook the sere-leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying—We are twins in death; proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though, beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang,
Entailed on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again;
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain, anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see, thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.

MAY OUR COUNCILS BE WISE.

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory—
And took the sting from death.

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief, that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy,
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God.

NELLY BLY.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, bring de broom along,
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, an' hab
a little song;
Poke de wood, my lady lub, an' make de fire
burn,
And while I take de banjo down, just gib the
mush a turn.
Heigh Nelly, oh Nelly, listen lub to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem
melody

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle dove,
I hears it in de meadows, an' I hears it in de
grove.

Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as cup ob tea,
An' bigger dan de sweet potatoe, down in Ten-
nesse, Heigh Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye, when she goes to
sleep,
An' when she wakens up again her eye-balls
'gin to peep;
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an' den
she brings it down,
An' when it lights, dere's music dar, in dat
part of de town. Heigh Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear drop in de corner ob your
eye,
For de pie is made ob pumkin, an' de mush is
made ob corn,
An' dere's corn an' pumkins plenty, lub, a lay-
ing in de barn. Heigh Nelly, &c.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

'Way down upon the Swannee ribber,
Far, far away;
Dere's where my heart is turning eber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.

All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And de old folks at home.

All de world am sad an' dreary,
Ebb'rywhere I roam—
Oh, darkies how my heart grow weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my broder
Happy was I—
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me lub and die.
All de world, &c.

One little hut among de bushes,
An' one dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushcs,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming?
Down in my good old home?
All de world, &c.

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

It was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine;
But first he made his orisons,
Before St. Mary's shrine.
"And grant, immortal queen of heav'n,"
Was still the soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine,
He gray'd it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land
The banner of his lord.
Where faithful to his noble vow,
His war-cry filled the air,
"Be honour'd, aye, the bravest knight,
Belov'd the fairest fair."

They ow'd the conquest to his arm,
And then his liege lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat,
By love must be repaid.
My daughter, Isabel, and thou,
Shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave,
She, fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot,
Before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth,
If hearts and hands combine,
And every lord and lady bright,
That were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair."

POVERTY TO THE MISER.

JULIET'S SOLOLOQUY

On Drinking the Opiate.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through me veins, and almost freezes up the heat of life. I'll call them back again to comfort me. Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must not alone. Come, plish!—What if this mixture do not work at all? Must I, of force, be married to the County? No, no; this shall forbid it—lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar Subtly hath ministered, to have me dead. Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd, Because he married me before to Romeo! I fear it is; and yet methinks it shall not, For he hath still been tried a holy man. I will not entertain so bad a thought. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point! Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in; And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, it is not very like, The horrid conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place.— As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where, for these hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are packed; Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night, spirits resort:— Alack! alack! is it not like that I, So early waking—what with loathsome smells: And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth. That living mortals, hearing them, run mad! Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears; And madly play with my forefathers' joints? And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud; And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? Oh, look methinks I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body Upon a raper's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay! Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee. [She drinks, and throws herself on the bed.

THE QUEEN AND THE NAVY
FOR EVER!

RECITATIVE.

Fair is the lily, sweet the blushing rose, But that seems fairer this more brightly glow, Blend with the laurel whose immortal green, Is fitting type for our own island Queen.

Sweet as the blushing rose—as lily fair She twines the laurel round her auburn hair, And aims at conquests—fearing to lose A nation's love—she smilingly subdues; With natural graces, all her charms and arts, Lov'd soon as seen, she reigns "the Queen of hearts."

AIR.

The boast of Old England, the pride of our Queen,

The shield of her freedom and glory, Her gallant defender—the Navy I mean— Whose deeds are recorded in story. Her race on the ocean has won ev'ry prize, No foe could her strength e'er disserve; Then fill up a bumper—Britannia arise— Here's the Queen and the navy for ever!

When war spread destruction and terror on earth,

And filled ev'ry heart with commotion. Free from canage and spoil was the land of our birth,

Though the brave British tars on the ocean, Long life to their glory, may time from their brows

The evergreen laurel ne'er sever; But this is the toast when Britons carouse, "The Queen and the Navy for ever,"

THE TURNPIKE ROAD OF HAPPINESS FREE FROM TOLL.

LOVE LAUNCHED A FAIRY BARK.

Published by Cramer and Co.

Love launched a fairy boat,
On a bright and sunny river;
And said, my bark shall float
O'er the sunny waves for ever.

The gentlest gales
Shall fill the sails,
That bears me onward cheerily;
And though times glass
The sand shall pass,
From morn till evening merrily,
Merrily, merrily.

Love launch'd a fairy boat, &c.

But soon the heavens grew dark,
And wildly rushed the current,
Love felt his fragile bark
Must founder in the torrent.

The tempest gale
Rent every sail,
Love mourn'd his folly dearly;
But prudence found
The boy aground,
And steer'd him homeward merrily,
Merrily, merrily.
Love launch'd a fairy boat, &c.

PINE APPLE ROCK.

As Spivins one day was a hawking his ware,
He thought to invent something novel and rare;

FREEDOM TO THE PRESS.

Says he, I am not green, and I know what's o'clock,
So I will have a go at the Pine-apple rock.

Fol lol la, fol the rol la,

Something is coming up every day.
Straight he went home and it did not take long,
For his donkey and cart was sold for a crown,
Then he went at it, and provided a stock,
Of all sorts of colors in pine-apple rock.

Fol, lol, &c.

Soon he got on and succeeded in trade,
And then he looked after a rosy cook maid,
And when he went to her she answered his knock,
And he gave her a lump of his pine-apple rock.

Fol lol, &c.

This pine apple-rock succeeded so well,
The money he saved no one can tell;
The old and the young around him did flock,
And they put away dollops of pine apple rock.

Fol lol, &c.

This pine apple rock looked so tempting, they say,
And the children to have some were pining
There is young Master Harry has dirtied his frock,
Through eating that purgative pine apple rock.

Fol lol, &c.

Now Spivins succeeded, and a fortune soon made,
And straight he married this rosy cook maid;
She gave him her heart and her hand in wedlock,
And he in return gave her pine apple rock.

Fol lol, &c.

RECITATION.

THE DRUNKEN SAILORS.

A parson once, of Methodistic race,
With band new stiffen'd, and with lengthen'd face,

In a rostrum mounted, high above the rest,
In long-drawn tones, his friends below address'd;

And while he made the gospel roof to roar,
Three drunken sailors reel'd in at the door.
His reverence twigg'd them—baited fresh his trap—

" New converts for Old Nick and Co. to nap !"
The poor pew-opener, too, a grave old woman:
Poor! did I say?—Oh, how I wrong'd the race—

His honour told me she was rich—ah, rich in grace;

This poor pew-opener, though, thinking right,
As soon as Neptune's sons appear'd in sight,
With a preface of three dismal groans com-

pos'd,
Her lips thus open'd, and her mind disclos'd;
" Ye wicked men, conceiv'd and born in sin,
The gospel gates are open—enter in;
Come and be sav'd, ye fallen sons of Adam"—
At which they all roared out—" Oh, dam'me,

SHORTH SHOES AND LONG CORNS TO OUR ENEMIES.

Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch,—
Come out, you d—d old swab-fac'd b—h!
Go hang yourself, you d—d old cat—
What humbug rig is this that now you're at ?

Words like these, utter'd in a sailor's note,
Soon reach'd the man in black, who preach'd by rote;
And he—though a dissenter, is what I would remark,

Being no novice, beckon'd to his clerk,
Told the amen-man what to say and do.
Immediately he leaves his pew,
Goes to the sailors to do as he was bid;

Out hauls his 'bacco-box, with—" Damme,

take a quid!

What cheer, my thundering bucks? how are ye all?

Come in, my lads, and give your sins an over-haul."

The sailors roll'd their quids, and turn'd their eyes,

And view'd their benefactor with surprise;
Swore he was a hearty fellow—" d—n their souls!"

So in they staggering went, cheek by jowl,
Found a snug berth, and stow'd themselves away,

To hear what master blackey had to say.
His reverence preach'd and groan'd, and preach'd again!

And, says my story, it was not in vain;
The plan succeeding, which they had concerted,

They went in sinners, and came out converted.

GOING OUT TO TEA.

Air.—When first I went to sea.

When first I went to tea,
With Miss Elizabeth Fry,
I'd an awful share of modesty,

I'd an awful, &c.

Such a bashful chap was I.

Such a bashful, &c.

I didn't press my suit,
But sat there like a mute.

She kept winking at me, my boys.
Said she was thinking of me, my boys.

And she tiddled me on my knee, my boys.

When first I went to tea.

When next I went to tea,
I didn't feel so shy,
" Come, make yourself at home," says she,
So I thought I'd have a try.

I helped myself to a chair,
Called her " a duck," and " a dear."

She sat on my knee, my boys.
To kiss her I made free, my boys.

I only said " Fiddle-de-dee," my boys,
When next I went to tea.

I kept on going to tea,
She did me so admire.

" You've much improved, dear Sam," said she,

I was poking up the fire.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALS.

I sweetened my own tea.
Cut bread and butter for her and me;
I conquer'd modesty, my boys,
Happy as happy could be, my boys,
For it's just like A B C, my boys.
Going out to tea.
Last time I went to tea,
She'd something got to say;
She drew her chair close up to me,
And said, "Sammy, name the day!"
So full I couldn't speak,
So I fell fast asleep.
I'd had so much to eat, my boys.
She made my tea so sweet, my boys.
I'd enough to last for a week, my boys.
When last I went to tea.
I didn't go to tea
With Elizabeth Fry no more,
When a fat man called one day on me,
A large cock'd-hat he wore;
He'd a gold knob top of a staff,
"I want you!" he said, with a laugh;
He dragged me afore the Beak, my boys!
So ashamed I couldn't speak, my boys!
I pays half-a-crown a week, my boys,
Through going out to tea.
It's no use saying, Nay, my boys!
All I've got to say, my boys—
It's rather too much to pay, my boys!
For two or three cups of tea.

THE ASSAULT ON SEBASTOPOL.

Cheer, boys, cheer, Sebastopol's before us,
Alma and Inkermann recall our gallant
deeds!
Onward, brave heart, still trusting Heaven to
aid us,
Glory to him who for his country bleeds.
Dear, happy England, your sympathy is with
us,
Tho' far from the shores of liberty and love,
Freely the blood of your sons must flow around
us,
The cross of St. George shall proudly float
above.

Cheer, boys, cheer, we fight for mother Eng-
land,
Our Queen, our home, our sweethearts and
our wives;
On, comrades, within the walls before us,
Plant England's banner, defend it with our
lives.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the spirits of our fathers,
Hover round, and glory in their sons;
Charge, gallant horse, remember Balaklava,
Hurl at their gunners the thunder of your
guns.
The French fight beside us—brave and dashing
fellows,
Pain and fatigue together we endure;
With them by our side the foe cannot repel
us,
Cheer for the French then—bry, "Vive
l'Empereur!"
Cheer, boys, &c.

RECITATION.

THE YORKSHIRE TYKE.

It happened once that a young Yorkshire
clown,
But newly come to far-famed London town,
Was gaping round at many a wondrous
sight,
Grinning at all he saw with vast delight.
Attended by his master, Tyke,
Who was as sharp, as sharp could be,
And thus the master and his dog d'ye see,
Were very much alike.

After wandering far and wide,
And seeing all the streets and squares,
And Temple bar, and Cross's bars,
The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
And all in which your cockneys place their
pride;
After being quizzed by many a city spark,
For coat of country cut and red-haired pate,
He came at length to noisy Billingsgate.
He saw the busy scene with mite surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes
At the loud clamour and the monstrous fish,
Hereafter doomed to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall,
Who with streach'd mouth, as to pant for
breath,
Seemed in the agonies of death;
Said Andrew—"Pray what name do you that
fish call?"
"A turbot, 'tis," said the sarcastic elf,
"A flat, you see, so something like your-
self."
"Dye think," said Andrew, "that he'll
bite?"
"Why," said the fellow, with a roguish
grin,
"His mouth is open, put your finger in,
And then you'll know."—"Why," replied the
wight,
"I should not like to try, but there's my
tyke
Shall put his tail there, an' ye like."
"Agreed," rejoined the man, and laughed
delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail,
Who bit it too with all his might;
The dog no sooner felt the bite
Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight,
And though old Ling began to swear and
rall,
After a number of escapes and dodgings,
Tyke safely got to master Andrew's lodg-
ings;
Who, when the fisherman in a passion flew,
Said, "Master, Lunnum tricks on me won't
do,
I'se come from York to queer such flats as
you.
And tyke my dog is Yorkshire too."
Then laughing at the man he went away,
And had the fish for dinner that same
day.

EVERY VIRTUOUS WOMAN PENTIMENT.

A BLESSING ON THE OUTWARD BOUND.

A blessing on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their father's own'd,
Or cottage poor and low.
'Tis no slight thing to part from home,
Whatsoe'er that home may be;
To trust a doubtful future, on
The wild and stormy sea.
But while the tide of life rolls on,
The mighty stream must flow,
Then blessings on the outward bound
Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound,
The noble and the true,
Who've wrested long with poverty,
Which they shall conquer too.
The earth was made for man to share,
And worthy it are they,
Those brave and bold adventurers,
Our proud ships bear away;
To freedom and to sunny lands,
Still may the breezes blow;
May God protect the outward bound,
Wherever they may go.

RECITATION.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O, sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors, and her fierce huzzars
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging death to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid.—
"O, heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men, our country yet remains;
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear with her to live—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd.
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge—or death!—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas!—in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew,
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, adwept, without a smile!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbd her high career!
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd as Koschusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there.

Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevails—the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild sky of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call.
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky—
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead—
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world—restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van.
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood afone,
And make her arm puissant as your own.
Oh, once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn.

I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

I'll be no submissive wife—no, not I,
I'll not be a slave for life—no, not I,
Think you on a wedding day,
That I'd say as others say
Love honour and obey—no, not I.

I to dullness don't incline—no, not I,
Go to bed at half-past nine—no, not I,
Should a humdrum husband say
That at home I ought to stay,
Do you think that I'd obey—no, not I.

THE SLAVE.

I had a dream, a happy dream:
I thought that I was free;
That in my own bright land again
A home there was for me.
Savannah's tides dashed bravely on—
I saw wave roll o'er wave;
But when in full delight I wake,
I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
Yet happy were my days,
For by my own dear father's side,
I sang my simple lays.

THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

He died—and heartless strangers came,
Ere closed o'er him the grave,
They tore me weeping from his side,
And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
Where men oft kneel and pray;—
The vaunted home of liberty,
Where lash and chain hold sway.
O, give back my Georgian cot;
It is not wealth I crave,
O, let me live in freedom's light,
Or die—if still a slave.

SALLY, SALLY!

Sally, Sally! shilly shally, Sally, why not
name the day?
Harry, Harry! I will tarry longer in loves
flow'ry way.
Sally, why not make your mind up, why em-
bitter this my cup?
Harry, I've so great a mind, it takes a long
time making up.
Sally, Sally! in the valley, you have promised
many's the time,
On the summer Sunday morning, as we heard
the matin chime,
List'ning to those sweet bells ringing, calling
grateful hearts to pray,
I have whispered, oh, how sweetly, they'll
proclaim our wedding day.

Harry, Harry, I'll not marry, till I find your
eyes don't stray,
At Kate Riley, you so slyly, stole a wink the
other day—
But, Kate Riley, she's my cousin,—Harry, I
have cousins too,
If you will have close relations, I'll have
cousins close as you.

Sally, Sally, do not rally, do not mock my
tender woe,
Play me not thus shilly shally, Sally do not
tease me so;
Whilst you're smiling, heart's beguiling, do-
ing all a woman can.
Think though you're almost an angle, I am
but a mortal man.

HAMLET ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, so suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?—to die—to sleep,
No more!—and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep?—perchance to dream—ay, there's
the rub!

For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus make,
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels
bear,

To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country, from whose
bourne
No traveller returns!—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

LASTING PEACE, OR AN HONORABLE WAR.

MERRY

LITTLE GRAY FAT MAN.

There is a little man
Dress'd all in gray,
He lives in the city
And is always gay.
He's round as an apple,
And plump as a pear,
He has not a shilling
Nor has he a care
And he sings and he laughs,
And he laughs and he sings,
Oh, what a merry, little
Fat, fat, gray man.

He drinks without counting
The number of glasses
He sings merry songs
And he flirts with the lasses.
He has debts, he has duns,
But no bailiff he fears,
He shuts up his door,
And he shuts up his ears.
Then he sings and he laughs,
And he laughs and he sings,
Oh, what a merry, little,
Fat, fat, gray man!

MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

When in the storm on Albion's coast
The night watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free:
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm
The minute gun at sea.

GUARD AGAINST ERROR.

EPILOGUE.

By CHARLES LAMB.

Spoken by Miss Ellen Tree at the end of
"The Wife."

When first our bard his simple will express'd,
That I should in his heroine's robes be dress'd
My fears were with my vanity at strife,
How I could act that untried part—a "Wife."
But Fancy to the Grison hills me drew,
Where Mariana like a wild flower grew,
Nursing her garden kindred: so far I
Liked her condition, willing to comply
With that sweet single life; when, with a
cranch,
Down came that thundering, crashing ava-
lanche,
Starting my mountain project. "Take this
spade,"
Said Fancy, then, "dig low, adventurous
maid,
For hidden wealth." I did; and, Ladies, lo!
Was e'er romantic female's fortune so,
To dig a life-warm lover from the—snow?

A wife and Princess see me next, beset
With subtle toils, in an Italian net;
While knavish courtiers, stung with rage or
fear,
Distill'd lip-poison in a husband's ear.
I ponder'd on the boiling southern vein;
Racks, cords, stilettos, rush'd upon my brain.
By poor, good, weak Antonio, too, disowned;
I dream'd each night I should be Desdemona'd.
And, being in Mantua, thought upon the shop
Whence fair Verona's youth his breath did
stop:
And what, if Leonardo, in foul scorn,
Some lean apothecary should suborn
To take my hated life? A "tortoise" hung
Before my eyes, and in my ears scaled "all-
igators" rung.
But my Othello, to his vows more zealous—
Twenty Iagos could not make him jealous!

New raised to reputation and to life—
At your commands behold me, without strife,
Well pleased, and ready to repeat "the Wife."

BEAUTY AND GOOD SENSE COMBINED.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

Written by Moore.

Music published by Cramer and Co.

There is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must de-
part,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the
scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;

"Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still.

"Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear.
And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in
peace.

KING DEATH.

By Barry Cornwall, Esq.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine,
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine,
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

Poetry and Music by Henry Carey.

With an honest old friend and a merry old
song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night
long;
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, while I can drin
wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.
Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may de-
spise,
For the more we are envied the higher we
rise.

THE NAVY-MILITARY MEDICAL ENGINEERING STORE.

MAY HOPE BE THE PHYSICIAN WHEN CALAMITY'S THE DISEASE.

BUT WHAT IS HONESTY?

From the Comedy of "Money."

Evelyn. Both sides alike! Money versus Man.—Sharp, come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest—but what is honesty? where does it exist? in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both:—the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man!—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich, I despise it! Fools—knaves—hypocrites!—By the bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me,
All alone by myself in this place;
But I'm sure you'll never deceive me,
O no, if there's truth in that face.
Though England's a beautiful city,
Full of illigant boys, O what then!
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence
You'll come back to old Ireland again.

Och, those English deceivers by nature,
Though may be you'd think them sincere,
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
But don't you believe them, my dear;
No, Kathleen, agra, don't be minding
The flattering speeches they'd make;
Just tell them a poor lad in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case,
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
When next I shall see your swate face;
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be off then;
You'd be spaking such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Aye now, where's the need of this hurry?
Don't fluster me so in this way;
I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was maning to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;
Can I talk if ye bother me so?
Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,
Every inch of the way that you go.

AS WE TRAVEL THROUGH LIFE MAY WE LIVE WELL ON THE ROAD.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.A celebrated Descriptive Song,
Sung by Mr. W. J. Williamson.

On the midnight ocean slumbering,

A youthful sailor lies,

While scenes of happy childhood

In his dreaming soul arise:

Still chiming, seems the Sabbath bell,

As sweetly as of yore;

And once again he roams the fields,

And sees his cottage door.

In her arms his mother folds him

With affection's fond caress,

His gentle, bright eyed sisters, too,

In raptures round him press;

His aged father meets him—

And his young companions come,

To welcome him once more to share

The dear delights of home.

To welcome, &c.

Hark! what wild shriek dispels his dream?

Whence comes that sound of woe?

With the storm loud thunders mingle,

O'er the ship the billows flow:

From his hammock starts the sailor,

He rushes to the deck—

The vessel's sails with lightning blaze!

She sinks—a burning wreck.

To a mast the winds have riven,

The sailor madly clings,

His fearful parting knell of death

The tempest loudly rings;

All is dark and drear around,

Not a star beams o'er the wave

As ocean-spirits bear him

To the sailor's shroudless grave!

As ocean-spirits, &c.

Oh, never at the cottage door

Shall he again be seen,

Nor meet his playmates merrily,

To sport upon the green.

In vain for him the birds shall sing,

The hawthorn deck the tree—

For, slumb'ring on the sand he lies

Beneath the swelling sea.

Oh, where are happy childhood's scenes?

Where now the passing bell?

The fields o'er which he used to stray?

The cot he loved so well?

For ever lost! yet still he finds

A home of peace and joy,

Where neither stormy wind nor wave

Can wreck the sailor boy.

Where neither, &c.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaf,
Oh, how I'll work my spells!
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense—
Such triumph is but cold;

THE SURGEON'S TOAST—THE MAN THAT BLEEDS FOR HIS COUNTRY.

EQUAL PUNISHMENT TO THE RAGGED RASCAL AND THE RICH VILLAIN.

MAY THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS DESCEND ON OUR FOES,

But I will play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around;
Oh, not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the palid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.
 Oh, thus I'd play, &c.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove.
And Hope should launch her blessed bark
On Sorrow's darkening sea;
And Misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.
 Oh, thus I'd play, &c.

COULD LOVE FULFIL ITS PRAYERS.

From the "Lady of Lyons."

Melnotte. Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen!—a deep vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!
Pauline. My own dear love.
Melnotte. A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless
heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home
when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,

And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and roses, from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I the midst of roses.—Dost thou like the picture?

I WISH HE WOULD DECIDE!

I wish he would decide, mamma,
I wish he would decide;
I've been a bridesmaid twenty times—
When shall I be a bride?
My sister Ann, and cousin Fan,
The nuptial knot have tied;
Do what I will, I'm single still—
I wish he would decide!

I throw out many hints, mamma,
I speak of other beaux,
I talk about domestic life,
And sing "they don't propose!"
But, ah! how vain each piteous strain,
His youthful heart to guide;
Do what I will, I'm single still—
I wish he would decide?

I really shall insist, mamma,
If nothing intervenes;
My brother Thomas questions him,
And asks him what he means;
And if he means to break, mamma,
My passion or my pride,
Unconquered yet, shall scorn regret;
Yet—I wish he would decide!

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother;
Why need we through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling on each other.
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide in lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

What if the swathy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow men remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide where those abide—
There's room enough for all.

IF THE SEA MUST NOT BE OUR EMPIRE, MAY IT BE OUR GRAVE.

IS THIS THY PALACE?

From the "Lady of Lyons."

Pauline (laughing wildly). "This is thy palace, where the perfumed light steals through the mist of alabaster lamps, And every air is heavy with the sighs Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes, And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth I' the midst of roses.—Dost thou like the picture?" This is my bridal home, and thou my bride-groom! O fool—O dupe—O wretch!—I see it all—The bye-word and the jeer of every tongue In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch Of human kindness? if thou hast, why, kill me, And save thy wife from madness. No, it can-not— It cannot be—this is some horrid dream—I shall wake soon.—(touching him) Art flesh? art man? or but The shadows seen in sleep?—It is too real. What have I done to thee? how sinn'd against thee That thou should'st crush me thus? Melnotte. Pauline, by pride Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould— The evil spirit of a bitter love, And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee. From my first years, my soul was fill'd with thee— I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom And joy, and freshness, as if spring itself Were made a living thing and wore thy shape! I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy; And from that hour I grew—what to the last I shall be—thine adorer! Well; this love, Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became A fountain of ambition and bright hope; I thought of tales that by the winter hearth Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how love, like death, Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home In the soft palace of a fairy future. My father died; and I, the peasant-born, Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise Out of the prison of my mean estate; And, with such jewels as the exploring mind Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom From those twin gaolers of the daring heart— Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image, Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory, And lured me on to those inspiring toils By which man masters men! For thee I grew A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages! For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,

And every muse, such attributes as lend Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee, And passion taught me poesy—of thee, And on the painter's canvas grew the life Of beauty.—Art became the shadow Of he dear starlight of thy haunting eyes! Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not; But still toiled on—hoped on—for it was sweet, If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

JOLLY WAGGONER.

When first I went a waggoning,
A waggoning did go—
I fill'd my parents' hearts full
Of sorrow, grief and woe;
And many are the hardships
That I did undergo—
But sing, wo, my lads, sing wo!
Drive on my lads, I O!
And who can lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner?

It is a cold and stormy night,
And I'm wet to the skin;
But I'll bear it with contentment,
Till I get to the Inn.
Then I will get a drinking,
With the landlord and his friends.
And sing, wo, &c.

Now summer it is coming,
What pleasure we shall see;
The small birds are a singing,
In every green tree.
The black-birds and the thrushes
Are wistling in the grove.
And sing, wo, &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,
What pleasure we shall find;
It will make the gold to fly
My boys, like chaff before the wind.
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee.
And sing, wo, &c.

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Let us all help one another,
And a heart of kindness show,
As down time's flowing river,
In the boat of life, we row;
For, though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together,
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us a'l help one another
In misfortune's wint'ry day,
And be kinder still, as ever
Earth's best gifts are snatched away.
When bright fortune gilds the morrow,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling;
But, when comes the night of sorrow,
Only true hearts comfort bring.

THE RICH ENJOYMENT OF AN UNSULLIED CONSCIENCE.

Let us all help one another,
And do good where'er we can—
Who withholds the hand of kindness,
Scarce deserves the name of man;
For the one great law of nature,
Which was meant mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow creature,
When we find him in distress.

THE DISCARDED SON.

From "The Lancers."

Eugene. True, but your debts—your extravagancies made him harsh!

Victor. They made him unjust, Eugene! I was brought up amidst pomp and splendour, gold glittered around me, gold was everywhere thrust before my eyes and rung in every sound; and yet, in the midst of splendour and profusion I was expected to learn the importance of economy; what was the result? Tempted on all sides to excess, my youth, high spirits, the world I lived in, the very atmosphere I breathed, all made extravagance itself seem parsimony. What wonder, then, that I should rush into expense! What, wonder that when money failed, I should have recourse to that credit which my position commanded—nay, forced upon me? At last, came the day of reckoning. Overwhelmed by a frightful amount of debt, I appealed to my father—appealed to him in truth and honesty, Eugene—(in a tone of seriousness)—I see him now: cold and immovable as a statue he stood before me! then bade me extricate myself as best I could, and drove me from his door. And where was the spendthrift's home? Where could the banished, the discarded son hope to find a refuge? The army! Eugene, the army! I enlisted in my country's service, and let me tell you, there's many a gentleman's son does worse than that!

Eug. Poor Victor!

Vic. Nay, I want not pity—(recovers himself)—for, after all, there are worse places than barracks and a worse life than a Lancer's.

Eug. And do you never think of your former life?

Vic. (rising) Think of it I will not! Dream of it I sometimes must, perforce—then, transported to a ball room, I see blazing lights, brilliant diamonds, sparkling eyes, delicious forms floating by me in the whirling waltz; but the music which fills the ball room with its inspiring strains gradually sinks to a single sound, the ball room vanishes to the note of the cavalry trumpet, and I awake, a private in the 3rd Lancers.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Sure, now, what are you crying for Nelly,
Don't be blubbering there like a fool,

With the weight of the grief, faith, I tell ye,
You'll break down the three-legged stool.
I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say:
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney,
Sure, you know how he served poor Kate
Kearny.

"But, mother"—"Oh, bother!"
"But, mother, he's going away,
And I dream'd t'other night,
Of his ghost all in white;
Oh, mother, he's going away!"

If he's going away all the better,
Blessed hour when he's out of your sight,
There's one comfort, you can't get a letter,
For yer neither can read nor can write.
Why, 'twas only last week you protested,
When he courted fat Biddy Macrae,
That the sight of the scamp you detested:
Wid abuse, sure, your tongue never rested,

"But, mother!"—"Oh, bother!"
"But, mother, he's going away;
And I dream'd that his ghost
Walk'd round my bed-post,
Oh, mother, he's going away."

KITTY TYRRELL.

New Irish Ballad, written by Charles Jefferys.
Composed by Charles W. Glover.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,
You're looking as bright as the day—
But while on your charms I'm dilating,
You're stealing my poor heart away;
But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,
Its loss I'm not going to mourn,
Yet one heart's enough for a body.
So pray give me yours in return.
Mavourneen, mavourneen
O pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
I've pigs and potatoes in store;
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
And may be a pound or two more:
It's all very well to have riches,
But I'm such a covetous elf,
I can't help still sighing for something,
And, darling, that something's yourself.
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
That something, you know, is yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign darling,
Say "yes," and you'll never repent;
Or if you would rather be silent,
Your silence I'll take for consent.
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale,
Now all that I have is your own,
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
Mavourneen, mavourneen.
You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

ALL OUR WANTS SUPPLIED, AND VIRTUOUS WISHES SATISFIED.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

They wiled me from my greenwood home,
They won me from the tent,
And slightingly they spoke of scenes
Where my young days were spent;
They dazzled me with halls of light,
But tears would sometimes start;
They thought 'twas but to charm the eye
And they might win the heart.

They little knew what ties of love,
Had bound me in their spell;
The greenwood was my happiest home,
And there I longed to dwell.
They gave me gems to bind my hair,
I longed the while for flowers
Fresh gathered by my gipsey freres,
From nature's wildest bowers.

They gave me books—I loved alone
To read the starry skies;
They taught me songs—the songs I loved
Were nature's melodies.
I never heard a captive bird,
But panting to be free,
I longed to burst his prison door,
And share his liberty.

'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts
Were theirs who had me roan
From nature, and her forests free,
To share the city home.
The woods are green, the hedges white,
With leaves and blossoms fair,
There's music in the forest now,
And I too must be there.

O do not chide the gipsey girl,
O call me not unkind,
I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend
As her I leave behind.
Yet I must to the greenwood go,
My heart has long been there,
And nothing but the greenwood now,
Can save me from despair.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come let me
clutch thee!
I have thee pot—and yet I see thee still!
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or, art thou but
A dagger in the mind, a fell creation,
Proceeding from the heart-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which I now draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use!—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses;
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still
And on the blade o' the bludgeon, gouts of
blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing;

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to injne eyea. Now o'er one half the
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep. Now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offering; and wither'd murder,

(Alarmed by his sentinel the wolf
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides tow'rds his
design,

Moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm-set
earth—

Hear not my steps which way they walk, or fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. Whilst I threat, he
lives.—

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then when the swain who last year won
the dower,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds
from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal
can blame,

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,
And to prove that my words and my deeds are
the same,
Believe me, thou'l presently see.

While the lads, &c.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring;
With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last;
To long-departed years extend
Its visions, with them flown;
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

MAY WE NEVER SPEAK NOR ACT, WHEN URGED BY ANGER.

RECITATION.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

By Peter Pindar.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Lorretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
(And in a fair white wig look'd wonderous fine
Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse
than gravel;
In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.
A nostrum, famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes—
A sort of apostolic salt,
Which Popish Parsons for its power exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off the self-same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd, as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul white-wash'd over all so
clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live for
ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue, about half-way—
Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum, and bending
knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in
sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.
‘How now?’ the light-toed white-wash'd pil-
grim broke,
‘You lazy lubber!’
‘Odds curse it!’ cried the other, ‘tis no joke,
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.’

‘Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Lorretto, I shall not get there;
No, to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For dam'me if I ha'n't lost every toe.
‘But, brother sinner, pray explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for thy
toes!
Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawl-
ing,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes,
How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that nought had happen'd—
burn ye?’

‘Why,’ cried the other, ‘you must know
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas.’

**THERE'S PEACE IN THE
VALLEY.**

Sung by Mrs. Caulfield.—Published by
Jefferys, Soho Square.

Come to the valley—the mountain may be
The joy of the hunter, the home of the free—
There's space in the valley, there's calm and
repose,
Unknown on the hills where the stormy wind
blows?
All that's lovely and blessed in creation is there
There the bright flowers are flinging their
sweets to the air;
‘Tis the fairy-like home of the bird and the
bee—
I've a cot in the valley—come share it with me
Come to the valley, the mountain has not
The many fair blossoms that grow round my
cot;
The rivulet gushing, yet silently still,
Meand'ring in peace by the foot of the hill.
Oh, come, while the valley is fragrant and
green,
And the distance around adds its charm to the
scene.
The mountain's too bleak for a flow'ret like
thee;
I've a home in the valley—come share it with me.

**THE DYING SOLDIER'S
PRAYER.**

FROM “LETOILE DU NORD.”

Sung by Miss Burnell.

Watch o'er and guide her way,—
Heav'nly Father, to thee I pray!
Though on the cold earth I lie,
This I would ask before I die:—
Give her strength to meekly bear
The loss that makes her widow'd;
Guard her with thy loving care,
Till in peace she joins me where
None enter but the good.
Grant, oh, grant this pray'r!
Watch o'er and guide her way—
Father, to thee I pray!

Night closed around the scene,
Silence reign'd where strife had been—
Death claim'd him for his prize.
With this last pray'r the hero dies:—
Grant that victory crown the brave,
Who fight 'neath England's banner.
Though I sleep in blood-stain'd grave,
May her flag triumphant wave,
And never know dishonour!
Grant, oh, grant, this prayer!
Father, I come, he cried—
His spirit fled—a hero died.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

By the sad sea waves I listen while they moan,
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure
gone:
I am young, I am fair,
I once had not a care,
From the rising of the morn to the setting of
the sun,
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave;
Come again bright days of hope and pleasure
gone.
From my care last night, by holy sleep
beguiled,
In the fair dream light my home upon me
smiled;
Oh, how sweet, 'mid the dew,
Ev'ry flower that I knew
Breathe a welcome back to the worn and
weary child;
I awoke in my grave,
By the sad sea wave;
Come again, bright dream, so peacefully that
smiled.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing,
Its love song to the morn;
I have seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.—
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness, too;
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thine air its sunny hue;
Still to me will thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own;
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the while,
That had made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

I CANNOT LEAVE OLD ENGLAND.

I cannot leave Old England,
And yet I hear them say,
My lot will still be chequer'd
With sorrow if I stay;
It is not wealth I covet,
I only ask to share
The blessings, few or many,
That Heav'n may deign to spare;

MAY MERIT NEVER BE COMPELLED TO BEG FOR REWARD.

I grieve to part from many
I never more may see;
But England, dear Old England,
It still my home shall be.
But England, &c.

I cannot leave Old England,
Yet thickly fall my tears,
When parting from the dear ones
I've lov'd thro' many years.
Oh, may their lot be brighter,
Than mine is doomed to be!
Yet grant me still contentment,
'Tis wealth enough for me.
Life's sun will soon be setting,
Beneath my native sky,
In England, dear Old England,
There let me live and die.
In England, &c.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
When rarely fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Gi'ed me her promise true,
And ne'er forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

Her skin is like the snow-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face is the bonniest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark is her blue eye.
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

Like dews on the gowan lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

CLARENCE'S DREAM

From Shakespeare's "Richard III."
Brakenbury. What was your dream, my lord?
Clarence. Methought that I had broken
from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in
falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-
board,

SUCCESS TO VICTORIA AND ALL HER LOYAL SUBJECTS.

Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What signs of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls—and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth,
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. Oh, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.

Oh, then began the tempest of my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman that poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that did there greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-

wick,
Who cried aloud,—“ What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
“ Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies; take him to your torments!”

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Envir'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you.

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul—
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds!
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone!
Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!

MY SWEET ROSETTE.

Oh, the land of my birth
Is the dear spot on earth
To which my heart and mem'ry fondly cling;
Where the joys of my youth,
From the fountain of truth,
In unsullied purity did spring.

Again I behold
Thy mountains bold—
Thou home of the brave and the free!
But this aching breast
Can never know rest—
Never, if Rosette is faithless to me.

My Rosette, dear—my mountain love,
When far away from Tyrolee,
In other climes, though doomed to rove,
My only thought has been for thee.
'Mid our hill again to roam,
Our early days to number o'er,
Thy lover to his native land,
Returns to claim thy hand once more.

When in battle the word
Was for home draw the sword
When the conflict was done, the victory won
For Tyrolee! Tyrolee! Tyrolee, ah!
My Rosette, dear—my mountain love,
When far away from Tyrolee,
In other climes, though doomed to rove,
My only thought has been for thee—
My mountain love has been for thee.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

RECITATIVE.

At the sight of each terrific form
All trembling, and with fear oppressed,
The halcyon quits her sea-built nest,
Prophetic of a coming storm
To desolate a smiling land.

AIR.

Loud roars the spirit of the storm;
Their breasts the angry billows rear,
Bursting their bounds they seem to arm,
And battle with the murky air;
The mariner then calmly feels
The perils of his hopeless state,
Before high heav'n he trembling kneels,
And to its will resigns his fate:
Though horrors rise upon his view,
Resolved to steer the vessel true.

Hoarse brays the trumpet's throat—the while
The fiends of war their fire-brands shake;
And carnage on some burning pile
Sits brooding o'er an empire's wreck.
Tis then the soldier's manly heart
To home one tear drop doth bequeath;
Bends to that power that points the dart,
Just midway 'twixt life and death,
Though horrors rise upon his view,
Resolved to fight the battle true.

MAY BAD EXAMPLES NEVER CORRUPT THE MORALS OF OUR YOUTH.

MAY THE POOR FIND A REVOLUTION IN THE HEARTS OF PARISH TRUSTEES.

RECITATION.

**JOE STEADFAST'S
DESCRIPTION OF A SEA FIGHT.**

We were cruising off the Lizard—on Saturday, the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six a.m., a sail hove in sight, bearing south-south-west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails, away we stood; the wind right east, as it could blow; we saw she was a Russian of superior force and damn'd heavy metal. We received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment: till about five-and-twenty minutes past eight we open'd our lower deck ports, and, as we cross'd, plump'd it right into her. We quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune; ditto repeated (as our doctor writes on his doses). My eyes, how she rolled! she looked like a floating mountain! "T'other broadside, my boys," says our captain, "and, dam'me, you'll make the mountain molehill." We followed it up, till her lantern ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon box. By nine, she had shivered our canvas so, I thought she'd have got off, for which she crowded all sail. We turned to, however, and wore; and, in half an hour, got alongside a second time; we saw all her mouths were open, and we drench'd her sweetly! She swallowed our English pills by dozens: but they griped her damnable! At forty minutes after nine, we brought all our guns to bear at once; bang—she had it! Oh, dam'me, 'twas a settler! in less than two minutes after, she cried "Peccavi!" in five more she took fire abaft; and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam-end—whush! down she went by the head!—my eyes! what a screech was there! Out boats; not a man was idle; we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded! and if I did not feel more joy of heart at saving their lives, than at all the victories I ever had a share in, dam'me!

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL!

Sung by Mr. F. Jongmans.

Music published at Davidson's "Musical Treasury," embellished with a splendid lithographic drawing of the Storming of the Malakoff Tower.

RECITATIVE.

Hail! mighty genius of the Western land,
Whose banner proudly floats unfurl'd at
Heaven's command,
With songs of joyous triumph inspire me to
extol
Their deeds whose matchless valour subdued
Sebastopol.
The golden ray of fading day both fort and hill
is crowning;
Sebastopol, in giant strength, is stern defiance
frowning,

As silently through trench and camp the whispered orders run,
Which tell of death or a victor's wreath, ere
the set of another sun.
The veteran soldiers pass the word, then with
firm and measur'd tread
The night piqûets march out to find, on the
heath, their chilly bed;
Then, what delight, in the still calm night, to
speak of home and beauty,
Or tell of the fight (by the watchfire's light)
where each comrade did his duty.
Now faintly heard, in the cold grey dawn, is
the soldier's cheerful strain;
Then all is hushed—till a signal-gun comes
booming o'er the plain;
An answering rocket—then a burst of fire,
from trench and hills,
The doomed and stricken city with fresh de-
struction fills.

AIR.

On, on it sweeps, with a rush and roar, like
the ocean in its might,
While the flames of proud Sebastopol illumine
the awful fight;
On, on, they rush, with pent-up rage—there's
death in every gun—
On, England, on! huzza, brave France! the
Malakoff is won!

Though adverse fortune long delay'd this work
of toil and strife,
Our troops, with courage undismay'd, con-
tended life for life;
But Heaven's all-ruling power decreed, that
in the Western sphere
Two Stars, with bright effulgent light, together
should appear:—

Victoria and Napoleon, names that shall ne'er
decay,
O'er oppression's might, in slavery's night,
havé shed their glorious ray:
Through the ruins of Sebastopol shall howl
the winter's blast,
The tyrant's stronghold is no more—"tis ours,
"tis ours, at last!

THE OBSTINATE GIRL.

Of the obstinate buffer I've sung, and I've
said,
He's oftentimes sent you home merry to bed,
It seems the complaint has caught one of his
flock,
In a feminine chip of this obstinate block.
If her cranium you could but inspect, I de-
clare,
A precious big bump of self you'd find there;
The obstinate buffer, forget I ne'er shall,
I never came near such an obstinate gal:
The obstinate buffer, forget, I ne'er shall,
Did you ever come near such an obstinate
gal?
She's a good looking creature, and on her I'm
sweet,
But her obstinate ways put me out of con-
ceit;

BRITANNIA'S BOAST, LOVELY WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN.

A BUMPER, A FRIEND, AND THE GIRL OF OUR HEART.

She says when I ask her to alter her state,
A man's not a man till he's turn'd fifty-eight,
If a beggar solicits a copper, it's said,
She'll insist upon giving him silver instead.

The obstinate, &c.

Whenever it happens to rain, out she'll go,
She declares nothing else in the world makes
her grow;
To make herself genteel, she eats her meat
rare,
She takes a black draught twice a week to
look fair,
Dress'd out in deep mourning she goes to a
ball,
And declares Taglioni's no dancer at all.
The obstinate, &c.

She will have it Paul Bedford's mistaken his
part,
He could play Hamlet better than Kean, and
he ought.

She says, when Lablache to the op'r'a does go,
In two cabs he's obliged his big body to stow,
What's more, she will have it that Lady Mac-

beth
Was as feeling a creature as ever drew breath.
The obstinate, &c.

If offered champagne, she would rather have
real,
She wears flesh-colored stockings because its
genteel;

She never will laugh at the funniest jokes,
But if its a bad one she'll roar till she chokes.
When she goes to the play in her obstinate fit,
She'll pay for the boxes then go in the pit.

The obstinate, &c.

She'll drink salt and water whenever she's
dry,
And wears white kid gloves when she's makin'
a pie.

She does as she likes or she'll kick up a breeze
And will take pine apple sauce over ducks and
green peas.

In asparagus she takes a delight,
In sucking both ends, and declares that it's
right.

The obstinate, &c.

She's good at her figures I must calculate.
The young pussy will have it that six and
four's eight.

She declares, though we can't get at what she
can mean,
That no chap's a bachelor after sixteen.

She says it's a fact, and if we doubt it we're
brutes,

That Eve wore a bustle, and Adam top boots.

The obstinate, &c.

She will have it—O, couldn't I give her a
smack!—

Walter Scott was a Frenchman, and Shake-
speare a black.

She says, long before the Queen Albert did
meet,

A large barrel organ he ground in the street.

What's more she will have it that Lady Jane
Grey,
And Jane Shore lost their lives on the Green
wich Railway.

The obstinate, &c.

She says Baron Rothschild is not worth a rap,
And declares Harry Brougham's a good-looking
chap.

She swears above all, though you hear it with
scorn,
She remembers quite well, just before she was
born,

Her mother wore patterns one day on her feet,
She heard them distinctly click clack in the
street.

The obstinate, &c.

RICHARD THE THIRD'S SOLILOQUY.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths:

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums are chang'd to merry meet-
ings;

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled
front;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:
But I, that am not made for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-lass;
I, that am rudely shap'd, and want love's ma-

jesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph!—
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time,
Into this breathing world, scarce half made

up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em:
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away my hours—
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And despise on my own deformity!
Then since the earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and overbear
such

As are of happier person than myself;
Why then to me this restless world's but hell,
Till this misshapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem!
But then, 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh, I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul:
I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head!

MAY HARMONY ARISE FROM THE ASHES OF DISCORD.

RECITATION.

THE CASE ALTERED.

Hodge held a farm and smil'd content,
While one year paid another's rent;
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind;
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter-day;
How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
Tho' urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain;
The same to him if false or true,
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads—
In hunting, that same landlord's hounds,
See! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoyed,
While half the rising crop's destroy'd.
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd;
'Tis said, the siffer'er once complain'd,
The squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.
But luckless still poor Hodge's fate!—
His worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
And gor'd his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest,
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong,
The heart will feel that suffers long;
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said—
" If Hodge for once don't sting the squire,
May people post him for a liar."
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.
" I come, an' please ye, to unfold
What, soon or late, you must be told;
My bull (a creature tame till now),
My bull has gor'd your worship's cow,—
'Tis known what shifts I make to live—
Perhaps your honour may forgive."
" Forgive!" the squire replied, and swore,
" Pray, to forgive you can't no more;
The law my damage shall decide,
And know that I'll be satisfied."—
" Think, sir, I'm poor, poor as a rat."
" Think I'm a Justice, think of that!"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And recollecting, archly said,
" Sir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
I fear I blundered in the story;—
'Fore George! but I'll not blunder now—
Your's was the bull, sir! mine the cow!"
His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accent thus replied—
" I'll think upon your case to-night;
But I perceive 'tis altered quite!"
Hodge shrugg'd and made another bow,
" An' please ye, who's the justice now?"

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandairies hoary,—
Behold their tears and hear their cries.

MAY REVOLUTIONS NEVER CEASE WHILE TYRANNY EXISTS.

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo, our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, &c.

Oh, liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehoods dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms, &c.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

You do not now remember,
This ribbon, once so gay,
And yet it was your own gift,
Upon our wedding day.
You had no gems to offer,
I never sighed for them;
I prize this little love-knot
Beyond the brightest gem.

I thought you would not know it,
Alas, 'tis faded now,
No longer fit to flutter,
Upon bridal brow.
Yet once a year I'll wear it,
Though triflers scorn its hue,
I'll tell them I'm as happy
As when the knot was new.

CIGARS AND COGNAC.

He who wears a regimental suit,
Is oft as poor as any raw recruit,
But what of that?
Girls will follow when they hear the drum,
To view the tassel and the waving plume
That deck his hat.

FRENDLY MAY WE PART AND QUICKLY MEET AGAIN.

GENEROUS SENTIMENTS, AND ACTIONS TO CORRESPOND.

Oh, he will sing, when he is not on duty;
Smoke his cigar, and flirt with some gay
beauty:

Oh, vive l'amour, cigars and cogniac ?
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, with these
we'll bivouac ! Oh, vive l'amour, &c.

When we march into a country town,
Prudes may fly from us and dames may frown,
But that's absurd.

When we march away we leave behind,
Prudes and dames that have been vastly kind.
Pray take my word.

Off, off we go, and tell them we'er on duty,
Smoke a cigar, and seek for some new beauty.
Oh, vive l'amour, &c.

When at night, with victory crowned,
Around the fires on the battle ground,
We bivouac.

Relieved from fighting, then we sink to rest,
The ground our bed, tho' hard, it is the best
That we can get.

We laugh, we sing, but ready are for duty,
Smoke our cigars, then dream of home and
beauty.
Oh, vive l'amour, &c.

WHEN IS A MAN LESS THAN A MAN ?

When is a man less than a man ?
When he leads or drives his friends
To danger for his selfish ends,
And leaves them in the evil day,
To stand or fall as best they may;
Then is a man less than a man !—
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man ?
When he makes a vow he fails to keep ;
When, without sowing, he would reap.
When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
Sooner than work for an honest meal—
Then is a man less than a man.
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man ?
When, by misfortune stricken down,
He whines and mauldes through the town,
But never lifts his strong right arm
To save himself from further harm—
Then is a man less than a man,
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man ?
When he acts a coward's part,
When he betrays a woman's heart,
And scorns, ill-uses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes—
Then is a man less than a man.
Then we pity him all we can.

RECITATION.

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

My brave associates !—partners of my toil,
my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla's words

add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ?—No : you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ;—we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress ! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride ! They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them ! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence, are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change ! and, least of all, such change as they would bring us !

THE IRISH LINGERER.

Och ! Judy, dear creature, she has won my soul,
The thoughts of her eyes puts my heart in a
filiolio ;

By the side of my donkey I lay cheek-by-jowl,
On a sheet of brown paper to write her a
billy-doo.

I had no pen, so made shift with a skewer,
And thus I began all my mind to reveal :—
Och, Judy, says I, I've a mind to be sure,
That you should become lovely Mistress
O'Neal.

Whack fal la la la, fal de ral, whack fal la la.
Whack fal la la la, &c.

My father's a seamstress, makes clothes for
the army,

My mother's a coalman on great Dublin
quays,

And if you were with us I'm sure it would
charm ye

To see all our dacent and illigant ways.
Each day for dinner we've a herring or a
salmon—

We eat our potaties without any peel !
And so you may, Judy, without any gammon,
If you will but become lovely Mistress
O'Neal.

Whack, &c.

MAY A NEW MARRIED PAIR KNOW NO OTHER SEPARATION BUT DEATH.

MAY WE NEVER SUFFER FOR PRINCIPLES WE DO NOT HOLD.

MAY YOU LIVE FOR FIFTY YEARS, AND I BE A WITNESS OF IT.

Though my skewer's a bad pen, you may judge
my knowledge,
My penmanship, spelling, and books that
read ;
I was brought up next door to great Trinity
College,
And learnt mathematical French and the
creed ; [it,
If you can't read this letter the parson will do
Och, commong voo, poltey voo, Madamoy-
selle,
I can fight like the devil, and faith you shall
know it,
If you will but become lovely Mistress O'Neal
Whack, &c.
I love you, my jewel, although you are after,
That white-headed Barney, the plasterer's
son ;
I'll show him my fist, that will show him his
master !
If you ever think of you two making one.
Och, if you have but him, by jove he will catch
it—
I'll write him a challenge, though he be in
jail ;
And I'll break his nose, so that he never will
match it—
Now, won't you become lovely Mistress
O'Neal.
Whack, &c.
Then if you won't have me, I'll light for a soldier
I'll be kilt, and be prisoned—och, then how
you'll feel,
Sure whether you be a housekeeper or lodger,
That you were not borne to me Mistress
O'Neal.
With my wounds and my wooden legs how I
will haunt you,
About twelve at midnight—"och, murther,"
you will squeal.
When I t' "you that ghosts and hobgoblins do
want you.
So no more at present—from Phelim O'Neal
Whack, &c.

WHO'S YOUR HATTER?

Will Shakespeare asks "What's in a name?"
For "the rose will smell as sweet,"
Though a cabbage, we call'd it plain,
And sold it in every street;
It will as sweetly scent the bower,
Whatever fashion rules the day;
Stranger follies come up each hour,
Fit to make a comic play.
Then, ladies, don't offence now take,
For 'tis a laughing matter;
Viewing your "tile"—its shape and make—
Inform me Who's your Hatter?
We've happy families—cats and mice,
Owls, puppies, rats and monkeys;
But, happier still, some ladies nice,
Should be caged with their funkies.
Of all the strange sights I have known,
Convulsing me with laughter,
Is a varandah colour'd brown
On the head of my daughter.

"Lor!" cried I, "what fashion is that,
Looking like a fly-clapper?"
When my wife in a bobbing hat
Said—"Dear, we've changed our Hatter!"
Then ladies, &c.

Canterbury Halls may be the rage,
Albert Smith's "Mont Blanc" look fine ;
Steam-hatch'd chickens may strut the stage,
Fashions will the "Globe" outshine ;
It has quite turn'd a lady's brains,
For each has perched above her
A kiss-me-under hat ! 'tis plain—
Looking like a large dish-cover.
So vulgar people at them bawl ;
Sweeps—dustmen—raise a clatter !
Fish-fags scream out, "ye bloomers all,
Come tell us Who's your Hatter?"
Then ladies, &c.

Our London dogs both great and small,
They love a jolly lark, sir,
The lasses they are frighten'd all,
For after them they'll bark, sir !
Because they have gone to extremes,
Automatons appear now,
Like Bobbing Joans they flow in streams,
Through parks and streets a rare show ;
Though pretty or ugly faces,
Seem scare-crows, 'tis no matter ;
To theatres and the races
Go, 'mid cries of "Who's your Hatter?"
Then ladies, &c.

Few months ago on Ramsgate beach,
I beheld a lovely maid,
But not being quite within her reach,
And behind her back, I said—
"Your form divine does well display
That handsome dress upon it;
I'd love, and kiss you, if you'd stay,
Young duck under that bonnet."
I softly crept up to her side,
And in her ear did patter ;
She turned—but her old ugly hide
Made me cry out "Who's your Hatter?"
Then ladies, &c.

The other day I a damsel met,
With a babe's perambulator ;
I ask'd if she was married yet,
To a feeling hat-maker ;
If single I felt for her love ;
Felt was my name and nature ;
Best felt should warm her head above,
Large enough for a crater !
On me the dame look'd sharp daggers,
As I stared fully at her ;
I felt creep o'er me the staggers,
When folks cried—She's a hatter !
Then ladies, &c.

If you go into an omnibus,
The seat you can't sit on it ;
Each lady therein makes a fuss,
About crushing her bonnet
No room for gents—their eyes jobb'd out
With those frightful bobbing hats ;
By ropes at front, they're flapp'd about,
Fussy as Kilkenny cats.

MAY THE GENEROUS HEART MEET A CHASTE MATE.

MAY THE JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE BE AS SWEET AS IT IS SHORT.

Women ape men in vests and coats,
So they think it no matter
To be button'd up to their throats;
Also boast of a Hatter!

Then ladies, &c.

Then at such whimsical fashions,
Ye husbands make a bold charge;
Curb all your wives' foolish passions;
No bloomer let go at large.
For you may depend upon it,
Their brains will soon grow bigger,
If they each increase their bonnet,
To treat you like a nigger!
All such warming-pan hats put down,
They are a dangerous matter;
Cut well down your dame's rim and crown,
And sing—Now where's your hatter?

Then ladies, &c.

OLD TOWLER.

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowering birds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn.
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry;
Arise, the burden of their song—
This day a stag must die.
With a hey ho chevy?
Hark forward, hark forward,
tantivy!—
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs sniff up the gale;
The upland winds they sweep along,
Over fields, through brakes, they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song—
This day a stag must die!

With a hey ho, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase.
Alike—the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.

With a hey ho, &c.

WHO STARCH'D YOUR COLLAR?

In reply to, and the tune of, "Who's
your Hatter?"

A New Copyright Song, written expressly for
this work.

O dear! O dear! what a clatter,
I hear 'bout "Who's your Hatter!"
Men-folks deem themselves so witty,
I think them 'neath our pity;
Their folly no further can go—
All asses can bray ee-oo!

Starch'd-up, foolish, monkey-fellows,
Inflate with wind their bellows;
With whiskers frisk'd and baboon chin,
A cigar their mouth stuck in,
After decent females hollo,
Who leer at their false collar!

Chorus—So gents who would know our
hatter,
We ask a ticklish matter;
Before you the Ladies follow,
Tell us—Who Starch'd your
Collar?

Wives must not have three yards of straw;
A yard of hat, and no more;
And if our daughters wear large hats,
Are stared at like flying bats;
Their grand-dames, with grey frizly hairs,
Hunted like some grizly bears;
Tho' a fine lady from Pall-mall,
Dress-maker, or "tater gal,"
All ranks and ages are as one,
To starch'd-up fools, who make fun;
But this will soon their starch take out,
Are your shirts put up the spout?

So gents who, &c.

'Tis a pity conceited elves,
Don't turn inside out themselves,
And show if their inward graces
Wouldn't blush their brazen faces!
Our hats or bonnets, if full-blown,
Are not stolen, but our own.
We find our hat's large dimension,
Gives our sight an extension;
Shades from the sun our eyes so nice,
"False fronts" we see in a trice!
O'er black shirts ragged as a clot,
Some turn'd inside—some without.

So gents who, &c.

'Tis a truth not too often told,
"All that glitters is not gold!"
I knew once a specimen Swell,
About whose ways I will tell;
He was as tall as a may-pole,
And "dragg'd up" from the "Coal Hole"—
A flare-up back slum in the Strand,
Where he was counsellor grand!
A mock "Judge and Jury" sat there,
Making people laugh and stare;
His "knowledge box" full of law books,
A learn'd pleader was Mr. Snooks.

Chorus—But, poor gent, he had no hatter,
Which was a ticklish matter;
After him Ladies would hollo,
Tell us—Who Starch'd your
Collar?

A case was tried—Widow Mackey,
Her smock lent to a Blacky,
Who was there a natty waiter,
Fond of mutton and tater;
Snooks's eyes roll'd, his fist rebounded—
His wit the court astounded,
Merrily went the laugh round,
Lo! Snooks now fell to the ground—

MAY THE SWALLOWS OF JUSTICE BE SWAYED BY THE HAND OF LIBERTY.

MAY WE NEVER BE STRANDED ON CUCKOLD'S POINT.

For he had seen Miss Vixen Prim,
In great rage slyly rush in;
"Pull off my shirt! (she did hollo)
Which you stole—with that collar!"

Chorus—Fond of calling "Who's your
Hatter?"
Your false garb I will tatter,
After you Ladies shall hollo,
Tell us—Who starch'd your
Collar?

Now gents who the Ladies teases,
Mend your manners and pieces;
If after them you rudely shout,
Then your "shirts will be got out!"
In spite of all your swellish dash,
Your characters "will not wash."
For those who get your linen up,
Will soap-suds each silly pup;
Dolly him well—wring him the more;
Hang him till he's stiff all o'er;
Iron him till blue in the face,
And such starch'd-up monkey race.

So gents who would, &c.

STEER MY BARK.

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met!
Not one fair scene or kindly smile,
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam,
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's Isle there's manly hearts,
And bosoms pure as snow;
In Erin's Isle there's right good cheer,
And hearts that ever flow.
In Erin's Isle I'd pass my time,
No more I wish to roam,
Oh, steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.

If England was my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonny Scotland was my home,
Her mountains I'd adore;
But pleasant days in both I've past,
I'll dream of days to come;
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.

ADVANCE! BRITANNIA'S SONS!

Music published in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Advance! Britannia's Sons, advance!
To answer honour's call,
And join the gallant sons of France,
To aid the tyrant's fall!
To you an outcry of distress
Will ne'er be made in vain;
A nation's wrongs ye must redress,
Upon the battle plain!

In days long passed our giant power
We 'gainst each other hurled;
But time brings round the happy hour,
And shows the admiring world—
Two nations joining heart and hand
To heal another's woes;
The firmest friends, long, long to stand,
The terror of their foes.

The prize a nation values most,
Without which life's a bane—
The prize that's been the Briton's boast,
In something more than name—
Is Liberty!—for that we'll fight
Till death, against the world;
Still halo surrounds our flag,
Where'er it waves unfurled!

And when grim war has run his race,
And smiling peace again
Returns to show her happy face,
With plenty in her train,
The memory of the deeds we've done
In aiding the oppressed,
Will bind, in ages yet to come,
The nations of the West.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

The sea was bright and the bark rode well,
And the breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell,

'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave
As ever launch'd on the heaving wave,
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set and each heart was gay.

They near'd the land where in beauty smiles,
The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles;
All thought of home, and that welcome dear,
That soon should greet each wanderer's ear,
And in fancy join'd the social throng,
And the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud flies thro' the azure sky,
What means that wild despairing cry?
Farewell! the vision'd scenes of home,
That cry is "Help!" where no help can come;
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is 'gulph'd in an ocean grave.

BELIEVE ME, LOVE.

Believe me, love, believe me,
I never will deceive thee;
Shall never cause thy tears to flow,
Shall never deal deception's blow,
Shall never, never prove thy foe;
Believe me, love, believe me.

Then meet me, dearest, meet me,
And with a sweet smile greet me;
Oh, meet me in yon flow'ry grove,
And, as we through its mazes rove,
I'll whisper soft my tale of love;
Then meet me, dearest, meet me.

MAY WE EITHER SAY NOTHING OF THE ABSENT, OR SPEAK LIKE A FRIEND.

SHUN BAD COMPANY.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

When other lips and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts,
The pow'r they feel so well,
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light,
Which beams within those eyes.
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twll break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

By Dibdin.

A plague on those musty old lubbers,
Who teach us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good stuff, had they twigged it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog;
And spite of the rules
Of the schools, the old fools
Would have all of 'em swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cried, "Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink." Says I, "Father, your health."
So I passed round the stuff—soon he twigg'd
it—
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigged, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigged, and all of us swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I cautiously slunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk—
I tipped him the stuff, and he twigged it,
Which soon set his rev'rence agog;
And he swigged, and Nick swigged,
And Ben swigged, and Dick swigged,
And I swigged, and all of us swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then, trust me, there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en the valiant more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigged it,
The good stuff has so set me agog—
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly swigged it, and swigged it,
And, damme! there's nothing like grog.

THE GREEN BUSHES.

Sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam in the Drama of the same name.

"I'll buy you new bavers, and fine silken gowns,
I'll buy you new petticoats flounced to the ground,
If you will prove constant and loyal to me,
And leave your own true love, and follow with me."

"I care not for bavers, or fine silken hose,
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes:
But if you prove constant and loyal to me,
I will leave my own true love, and follow with thee."

"Oh, let us be going, young man, if you please,
Oh, let us be going from under these trees,
For my true love is coming, 'tis yonder I see,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me."

And when that he found his true love she had flown,
He stood like a lambkin that bleats all alone;
"For my true love is gone, and she's forsaken me,
Adieu the green bushes for ever!" said he.

MY BEAUTIFUL MY OWN!

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Oh, how I love to gaze upon
The brightness of thy brow,
To mark the lustre of thine eye,
And dwell within its glow;
To list the music of thy voice,
Soft as a seraph's tone.
To sip the nectar of thy breath,
My beautiful! my own!

Oh, I could suffer worlds of pain,
To live a life with thee,
To linger 'neath thy brightest smile,
In heavenly ecstasy.
To chase life's cares from thee away,
To dissipate each frown,
To call thee, dearest, night and day
My beautiful! my own!

FAR OVER LAND.

Far over land, far over wave,
A pilgrim am I roaming,
O'er mountains high, where tempests rave
And billows wildly foaming.
Where'er I stray, by night or day,
Or pacing earth or braving sea,
Blest words I say, and daily pray
For her who never prays for me.

Vainly alone to saints I kneel,
My vows are doubly given,
For to my lips her name will steal,
And blend with those of heaven.
Where'er I stray, &c.

THE ART OF PLEASING IS NOT THE ART OF DECEIVING.

MAY WE HAVE NO SECRETS FROM OUR WIVES.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

A New Popular Song.

The Words by L. M. Thornton. Music by Wrighton.

London : Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.

What a wonderful man the Postman is,
As he hastens from door to door;
What a medley of news his hands contain,
For high, low, rich, and poor.
In many a face he joy can trace,
In as many he grief can see,
As the door is ope'd to his lound ran tan,
And his quick delivery.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

No. 1 he presents with the news of a birth,
With tidings of death No. 4;
At 13, a bill of a terrible length
He drops through the hole in the door.
A cheque or an order at 15 he leaves,
And 16 his presence doth prove;
While 17 does an acknowledgement get,
And 18 a letter of love.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they hold dear,
But rarely we hope that compell'd he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er.
Then long life to her Majesty's servant we
say,
And oft may he knock at our door;
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

ANSWER TO "MY GENTLE MOTHER DEAR."

Words by L. M. Thornton.

Tune—"My Gentle Mother Dear."

The happy days of childhood, we only once enjoy,
Succeeding years bring sorrow oft, and brightest hopes destroy:
I pictured bliss unlimited, a stranger then to care,
But time has proved the sad mistake—I've lost my mother dear.

My mother dear, my mother dear,
I've lost my mother dear.

We rarely know a mother's worth, until that mother's gone,
Who reads or sings my humble verse, a daughter or a son?

Perchance at length you find a form that only
lives to cheer,
But after all, can you forget a tender mother
dear.

A mother dear, a mother dear,
A tender mother dear.

If anything gives pleasure, as we pass this
desert through,
Towards the goal awaiting all, 'tis surely this,
to know
That neither by a thought or word, we griev'd
a heart sincere,
But won a dying blessing from a tender
mother dear.
A mother dear, a mother dear,
A tender mother dear.

THE ALMANACK MAKER.

Oh, father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanack;
He could tell,
Very well,
Of eclipses and wars,
Of Venus and Mars,
When plots were prevented,
Penny posts were invented,
Of Rome's dire reproaches,
And the first hackney coaches;
And he always foresaw
There'd be frost or be thaw;
Much sun or much sleet,
Much rain or much heat,
On the fourth or the seventh,
The fifth or eleventh,
The tenth or the fifteenth,
The twentieth or sixteenth,
But to guard against laughter,
He wisely did guess
There'd be more or less
Day before or day after.

Oh, father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanack;
He could tell,
Very well,
Of aches and of pains,
In the loins and the reins,
In the hips and the toes,
In the back and the nose;
Of a red letter day,
When school-boys might play;
When tempest would clatter,
When earthquakes would shatter,
When comets would run,
And the world be undone,
But yet still there was laughter;

For people would cry,
Though he says we're to die,
It may be to-day, or day after.
Light and dark, high-water mark,
Signs the skies in, soothsing rising,
Verse terrific, hieroglyphic,
Astronomical, all so comical.
Oh, father had a happy knack,
Of cooking up an almanack.

MAY OUR BOSSOMS NEVER BURN WITH VENGEANCE.

THE QUEEN AND KING MAY SHE ALWAYS LAST IN THE HEARTS OF HER SUBJECTS.

ALL OUR INDEPENDENT NOBLES, AND ALL NOBLE HEARTS.

MAY KINGS AND SUBJECTS REIGN IN EACH OTHER'S HEARTS.

ANSWER TO MINNIE.

By L. M. Thornton.

Tune—Minnie.

While the bright orb's high in the glorious sky,
And the winds whisper soft through the grove,
And flowers around with fragrance abounding,
I hear a voice call me to rove.
Then Willie, dear Willie, I hasten o'er the lea,
While the sun is still high in the glorious sky,
For a fond heart is waiting for me,
Yes, a fond heart is waiting for me.

In the tranquil night, when the moon looks bright,
And gems deck the clear blue sky,
Again do I hear, the sweet voice ever dear,
And unto that voice I reply,
Oh, Willie, dear Willie, I hasten o'er the lea,
My bosom beats high, on love's pinions I fly,
For a fond heart is waiting for me,
Yes, a fond heart is waiting for me.

ANSWER TO ANNIE LAURIE.

ANNIE'S REPLY.

By L. M. Thornton.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

If all you've now been saying,
Both from the heart proceed,
Then, upon those words relying,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
Your Annie's blest indeed!
And future years will prove,
That in weddin' Annie Laurie,
You'll not repent your love.

Though small our destined portion,
If by my side you be,
I'll ask no greater blessing,
I have my all in thee,
I have my all in thee!
And shouldst thou trouble know,
Thou wilt have thy Annie Laurie,
To share it with thee too.

A RESUSCITATED JOE MILLER.

Once on a time, the manager
Of a large theatre in a neighbouring town,
Which had been run down,
While trusting solely to the histrionic art,
By way of giving it a start,
Thought best, if possible, to make a stir;
And, much to everybody's satisfaction,
Bills were stuck up on all the walls,
And large red staring capitals
Gave notice of a wonderful attraction—
A sort of spectacle, which ne'er had been,
Which never was, and never should be seen.

The news flew fast on every tongue,
Night came on, and to the theatre all throng.

No vacant places;

Many had not the least accommodation;

It was a general sea of human faces,

Hush'd into expectation.

Forth came the hero of the night, and bow'd;
The audience cheered him with applauses loud!

A man divine—

Endowed by nature with such musical feeling,
That, grunting—squealing,

He could at will,

As if he always lived on swill,

Exactly imitate a swine;

Sometimes he grunted with a deep bass note

Then on the treble key,

Would rise majestically,

Just like a porker, when they cut his throat,
The thing

Was almost universally

Allowed to be

The most astonishing.

An envious fellow sitting in the pit,
Felt quite indignant at this admiration;

He could not relish it a bit,

To see this wretched gulling of the nation,
In truth, to make such a confounded fuss

About a porcellian imitator,
Was a disgrace to human nature,

And quite ridiculous.

Soon as the noise had ceased, our man
Rose from his seat, and thus began:

"Ladies and gentlemen,

I hereby public notice give,

That if I live,

To-morrow, at this self-same hour,
If with your presence you will honour me

Then you shall see,

In this enchanting life

Of acting, all conceive so fine,

A much more splendid exhibition of my power."

Pat to the minute

The theatre was filled with the whole population;

And thick as they could cram,

A perfect jam—

It seemed, indeed, as if near all creation
Had crowded in it.

Both came upon the stage,

And first began

The imitating man,

Who now in fact was all the rage.

Loud rang the claps, the theatre resounds

As if their admiration knew no bounds.

The other's turn next came,

The one who envied him his hard-earned fame:

He had a real, genuine, live pig,

Not very big,

So as to lie concealed beneath his gown,

And most effectually to cheat the town,

POVERTY—MAY WE NEVER EXPERIENCE IT.

He every now and then would pinch the snout,
 And without much ado,
 Produced as rich and natural a note,
 And quite as high
 And true,
 As e'er was heard to issue from a sty;
 But 'twas no go:
 The audience hooted him with one consent,
 'Twas voted low,
 And even more,
 They all considered it a bore,
 And a most vulgar and unnatural imitation,
 In fact, they could not tell for what 'twas meant.
 While for the first,
 There was another universal burst
 Of admiration.
 Our friend perceiving
 His chance was very small
 While thus deceiving;
 And giving vent to his indignant gall,
 Exclaimed, as loud as he could bawl,
 "A pretty set of critics are ye all,
 To applaud the mimic, and hiss the original."
 And then, to show them how they were mistaken,
 Pull'd out his pig, and saved his bacon.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Sung by Mr. Russell Grover.

Let us speak of the mill and the dear village green,
 Where, in days long departed, a gay throng
 was seen,
 As at evening they danc'd, 'neath the bright
 setting sun,
 While the old folks, contented and happy
 look'd on.
 That green is now cover'd, the mill is o'erthrown,
 All is chang'd, save the old church, with ivy
 o'ergrown;
 But though lone and neglected may be that
 sweet spot,
 Oh, never by me will its charms be forgot.

For there childhood's bright hours flew blissfully by—
 In that hallow'd old church, too, oft knelt you and I!
 And beneath the gray stones in that quiet
 churchyard
 Sleep the forms we once cherish'd with love
 and regard.
 Sweet mem'ries of youth, ye can never decay,
 Ye come like the soft moon that follows the day;
 As the sun of life's morning fleets quickly away,
 'Tis the mem'ries of childhood that gild its decay.

MAY OUR ENEMIES KNOW THE WANT OF BEEF AND BEER.

THE WIDOW'S LAST PRAYER.

Sequel to "Mother, is the battle over?"

Oh, mother dear, now leave off crying,
 Your only child is by your side,
 On you are all my hopes relying,
 Ever since my father died.
 My child, my thoughts are ever on you,
 My nightly prayer for you is given;
 My health, my dear, is fast decaying,
 My soul must take its flight to heaven.

Come, my child, come near to me,
 Do not fret, do not despair—
 A parting kiss before I leave you,
 I'm going to meet your father there.
 It is our lot, we must not murmur,
 It is our great Creator's will;
 When I depart this world of sorrow,
 He'll be a father to you still!

She clasp'd her child close to her bosom,
 While her eyes were closed in death—
 God bless my boy—she faintly murmur'd,
 It was her last expiring breath.
 Alone and helpless stood the orphan,
 With tearful eye and aspect wild:
 Oh, God, look down in all thy mercy,
 A father be to a lone child.

The funeral cortège onward rolling;
 There stood one—a soldier brave—
 Reported dead, but only missing,
 He stood beside the new made grave;
 Tears rolled down his manly cheeks,
 With weary look and features mild—
 Weep not, my boy, I'm safe returned
 To be a father to my child.

EXCELSIOR.

Sung by Mr. F. Johngmans.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As thro' an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner, with the strange device—
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue—
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan—
 Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said,
 "Dark lowers the tempest over-head,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide;"
 And loud the clarion voice replied—
 Excelsior!

INTEGRITY TO THOSE WHO WEAR THE ROBES OF JUSTICE.

MAY PRIVATE GRIEF NEVER AFFECT THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

MAY THE HYPOCRITE NEVER WEAR A BLACK COAT.

"O stay," toe maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast;"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—

Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch,
Beware the awful avalanche;"
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied, far up the height—

Excelsior!

A trav'ller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner, with the strange device—

Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star—

Excelsior!

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG,

TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

Sung by Miss Pearce.

Ope the window, let the air
Fan the fainting soldier's brow;
Never droop, then, in despair;—
Gloomy prospects brighten now.

Courage, brave hearts! you shall not suffer
long—
Listen! oh list, to the Nightingale's song!
The Nightingale's song! the Nightingale's
song!
Listen! oh list, to the Nightingale's song.

Sweetly warbling o'er the billow,
Flies a pretty little bird—
Music's charms shall soothe your pillow,
Sweeter strains were never heard.
Courage, brave hearts, &c.

Hark! of golden hope she's singing—
Warbling of celestial things,
Heavenly consolation bringing,
Dropping balsam from her wings.
Courage, brave hearts, &c.

Home, and wife, and children dear,
In her melody you'll find—
Sorrow smiles with joy to hear
Of the dear ones left behind.
And, though death may raise his dart,
Still the Nightingale's sweet voice
Gently cheers the sinking heart,
Bids the parting soul rejoice.

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

Well, here I am just come out of the public (hiccup) house; I've only drank nine glasses of brandy and water, and I am as drunk as a p-p-parson. Talking of the parson, reminds me of the devil, and talking of the devil reminds me of my wife (hiccup), for she'll kick up a devil of a row. Well, if she blows me up, why I must blow her up; no I won't, for talking of blowing up, reminds me of raising the wind; so I'll tell her that I have been half-price to the play—(hiccup)—then she'll say to what part, and if I say to the boxes, she'll swear I had an intrigue or I would not have gone there; then I won't say to the boxes, I'll say to the pit; no, egad, if I say to the pit, she'll wish me in the bottomless pit, and as I don't like such wit, I'll tell her I was in the gallery—aye, the gallery—the gallery, there's the rub—(hiccup)—no it is not the rub, for she'll give me a rub there, and say I should not have gone into the gallery if I respected the pride of her family. Ha, ha, ha! if her father wasn't a tripe man he sold cat's-meat—(calling)—cat's meat! cat's meat! No, no, I'll go home and tell her I'm sober—(hiccup)—there's nothing like the truth and shaming the devil. I'll tell the truth and nothing but the truth, and shame the devil. I'll tell her the truth and nothing but the truth. Oh Lord, oh Lord, here's a post; what a delicate constitution I have, I really can't touch spirits. Why nine glasses of brandy and water, that is nine shillings, and ten pipes, that's ten shillings and ninepence, and twopence the waiter, is twelve shillings and a penny—that's right. Well, this small quantity of liquor has made me sick, but I defy the devil to make me drunk—I am a complete philosopher, for when I've had enough, I always know it; and no one can beat me at calculation if I sit up till midnight, for I have always cool reason on my side, and I can—(hiccup)—and—hollo! what the devil are you? speak, or I'll knock you down!—(strikes)—who are you? speak, or I'll—(hiccup)—I'll I'll—(goes up to a pump)—why, zounds, it's a pump, if it isn't may I be pumped upon!—I've been frightened by a pump; ha, ha; well, if ever a sober man was more deceived, may I be hanged. But I'll go home and go to bed, and I'll say to my wife—(hiccup)—I wish I could get a drop of something for the hiccups—and she'll say, "What's o'clock, you brute?" And I'll look at my watch and I'll say—(hiccup)—I can't see, and if she blows me up, I'll sing—(hiccup)—

Here I am, a jolly dog,
As sober as can be;
And there's my wife, a surly hog,
She won't be kind to me.

So I will sing, and dance, and drink,
Nor care a pin for sorrow;
Altho' upon my soul I think,
My head will ache to-morrow.

EMPLOYMENT, AND PLENTY OF IT.

RING OUT, RING OUT,
YE MERRY MERRY BELLS.

Written by Robert Rigsby.—Composed by
Stephen Glover.

Prepare, prepare, for a guest most rare, who
cometh at morn's first prime,
Who draws not birth the shadowy earth, and
but visits its humble clime;
Whose blessing is utter'd where'er land wells,
as his pilgrim flight draws near—
Ring out, ring out, ye merry merry bells, give
joy to the sweet New Year.

In the first lone hour of the morn he comes
'mid the winter's rude annoy,
But his welcome is breathed in a thousand
homes, 'mid love and light and joy.
He comes on the rush of the storm-wind's
swells, 'mid the snow-flakes falling drear.
Ring out, ring out, ye merry merry bells, give
joy to the sweet New Year.

How bright is the flush on youth's glad cheek
and how bright is its glancing eye ;—
How gaily each laugh and gesture speak the
heart's impatient joy.
Now love its whispered hope soft tells in
beauty's blushing ear ;—
Ring out, ring out, ye merry merry bells, give
joy to the sweet New Year !

ENGLAND'S QUEEN
TO ENGLAND'S HEROES.

The words by J. H. Bowack, Esq.—The Music
by J. Harroway, R. A.

'Tell those poor noble wounded men, who
bravely fought and bled,
Those lion-hearts of England, who never yet
have fled !
Who proudly bore our banner 'midst the
thickest of the fight,
With hearts ne'er quailing, knowing well,
our cause was just and right ;
That England's Queen, with English heart,
thinks of them in her prayers,
So does the Prince, by day and night our sym-
pathy is theirs.

'Tell those poor noble wounded men, ye
who've so nobly led
The way to smooth the pillow of the dying and
the dead ;
Who watch and 'tend our dearest men with
angels' fost'ring love ;
Oh ! your reward is not on earth but with him
who reigns above !
Tell them, oh ! tell them, England weeps
while they remain in pain,
And fondly waits to bless the hour that sees
them home again.

Tell those poor noble wounded men, ye ladies
of the land,
Who nurse the sick and dying with a Chris-
tian's tender hand,

That England's Queen will ne'er forget the
victories they have won,
That English hearts were with them in all that
they have done.
God's blessing on them, dear brave boys ! Oh,
grant we soon may see—
Their return to home again, with Peace and
Liberty !

SOLILEQUY FROM HAMLET.

HAMLET.

Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I ;
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul into his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wan'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect—
A broken voice, and his whole function suit-
ing.
With forms to his conceit. And all for nothing !
For Hecuba !
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would
he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have ? His would drown the stage with
tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free ;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ! no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose—gives me the lie i' the
throat,
As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
Why, I should take it ; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter,
With this slave's offal ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites,
Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kind-
less villain !
Why, what an ass am I ! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
words !
And fall a cursing like a very drab
A scullion.
Fie upon't ! foh ! About my brains !
Humph !
I have heard—
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions ;

COURAGE TO LEAP THE DITCH OF ADVERSITY.

MAY OUR ENEMIES BE PICKLED IN THE BRINE THAT PRESERVES OLD ENGLAND.

NEVER NEGLECT THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

For murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and per-
haps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(as he is very potent with such spirits,) Abuses me, to damn me; I'll have grounds,
More relative than this! The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

PUY MY IMAGES!

A New Original Copyright Song for the times;
Written expressly for this work.

Come puy my images, fine images puy,
Berry good and cheap, pleasing to de eye;
Poor Italiano, me be a Sculptor fine,
My figures show de "human form dewine."
De first one up dere, stuck upon de board,
Is Jemmy Graham, late Admiralty First Lord;
Him send de Ingles ships—Roosians to smash,
Me 'specte foul play—he meant de ships to crash!

Chorus:—Come puy my images, fine images puy,
Berry good and cheap, all day in streets I cry;
Of poor Italiano, gents and ladies puy,
Puy my pretty images, berry cheap, will you puy?

Dis second image here—Sir Charles Napier,
A prave old sailor poy, who doesn't know fear:
The chap who de ships wants to be crackling,
Will in parlement nap a jolly whacking!
For de third image dere, me ask low price,
Him Lord John Russell,—fellow not o'er nice,
Will op'rate for stone, or command de fleet,
Sell Ingles for false piece, 'cos he is a cheat!
Come puy my images, &c.

Dis here's Boneypart, "no bono is he,"
A fine fleshy chap, the Queen came to see;
Also Prince Al—who seems in jealous air,
'Cos he saw Boney at home on the stairs.
And here's Anderson, who wizard's tricks shows,
Our next Prince, said he, would have a bony nose;
Den comes Jenny Lind, who will sweetly sing,
And make de Palace ring, at de christening.
Come puy my images, &c.

Next is Eugenie, whose beauty transcends,
She kiss'd Prince Albert to make him amends.
Near stands King Victor, who had hair enough,
To make from his moustache a lady's puff;
Long enough for threads to sew a large coat,
Or rope for de Emperor of Austria's throat;
And here's King of Prussia, 'twould be no sin,
If with de same noose, we twist his neck in.
Come puy my images, &c.

Dis is de Sultan's, de Turkish Nabob,
To beat him de Roosians find a tough job;
And dcre's de image of Oimar Pacha,
Who bravely thrash'd them all till they did roar.
See de Greek Slave, looking modest, behind,
So cold and naked, you tink it unkind;
Vy her hands are chain'd, you more den I knows,
Spouse men curious, stop her put on her clothes!
Come puy my images, &c.

I've Byron's, Scott's, Shakspere's, Milton's to boot,
And Bob Burns, who wid plough, cause poetry shoot,
Nelson Wellington, and Napoleon too,
Who popt at each other, at Waterloo.
Puy Robert Peel? who gave bread to poor man!
Finest image, I'll sell cheap if I can
Cheaper still I'll offer Cobden and Bright.
'Cos me tinks dere brains are no longer right!
Come puy my images, &c.

Marshal Arnaud, and Lord Raglan, who were prave,
Beat likeness of these Generals, in their grave
And old Simpson, his head wrapt in a cleut,
As he sat in trench, bobbing it about,
Marshal Pelissier, I have also here,
Gen'l Coddington, commanding in Crimea;
And Duke Cambridge, who knock'd de Roosians hard,
Leading at Alma, de Granny-dear gurad.
Come puy my images, &c.

Evans's and Campbell's images I got,
Good portraits of Generals—best of de lot;
'Mongst dem is Williams, commanding at Kars,
Pravest of de prave, in de present wars;
And General Windham, who at the Redan,
Winded the enemy—made run every mah.
Admiral Lyons's image do not sir pass,
Me sell is you cheap, 'long with old Dundass.
Come puy my images, &c.

Of all my fine images, last not least,
Dis von Ingles should puy, and their eyes feast.
'Pon face of loveliest woman, sun e'er shone on,
Who reliev'd poor soldiers, when breath was nigh gone;

MAY EVERY BRITISH SEAMAN FIGHT BRAVELY, AND BE REWARDED HONOURABLY.

The wounded and dying she did ne'er fail—
Then pu this image of Miss Nightingale.
Let all Inglesi wives, from her pattern take,
Husbands will keep at home and never rake.
Come pu my images, &c:

IF I HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR.

Oh, if I had] but a thousand a-year, Gaffer Green;
(But I never shall have it, I fear,) What a man should I be,
And what sights I would see,
If I had a thousand a-year! Gaffer Green,
Oh ! if I had a thousand a-year.

The best wish you could have (take my word
Robin Rough), Will not pay for your bread and your beer ; But be honest and true,
And say what you would do,
If you had got a thousand a-year, Robin Rough ? Oh ! if you had got a thousand a-year ?

I would do—why, I cannot tell what, Gaffer Green ! I would go—I scarcely know where ! I would scatter the drink,
And leave others to think,
While I lived on a thousand a-year, Gaffer Green,
While I lived on a thousand a-year !

And when you are aged and grey, Robin Rough,
And the day of your death, it draws near,
What, midst all your pains,
Would you do with your gains,
If you then had a thousand a-year, Robin Rough,
If you then had a thousand a-year ?

I ne'er can tell what you are at, Gaffer Green
Your questions are always so queer ;
But as other folks die,
I suppose so must I ;
What, and give up your thousand a-year ?
What, and give up your thousand a-year ?

There's a place, too, that's better than this,
Robin Rough,
(And I hope in my heart you'll go there), Where the poor man's as great,
Tho' he has no estate,
As one with a thousand a-year. Robin Rough,
Aye, if he had a thousand a year !

RECITATION.

SPIDER GRIM AND MISS FLY.

Fresh was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,
As poets tell us, whispered through the trees,

And swept the dew-clad blooms with wings so light :

Phœbus got up and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country house and spire,
And, smiling, put on his best looks so bright.
On this fair morn a spider, who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious air upon a spangle thorn ;
At length with gravely squinting longing eye,
Near him beheld a pretty, plump, young fly,
Humming her little orisons to morn.

"Good morrow, dear Miss Fly," quoth gallant Grim ;

"Good morrow, Sir," replied Miss Fly to him ;

"Walk in Miss, pray, and see what I'm about ;"

"I'm much obliged to you, Sir," Miss Fly rejoined,

"My eyes are both so very good, I find That I can plainly see the whole without."

"Fine weather, Miss!"

"Yes, very, very fine!"

Quoth Miss, "prodigious fine indeed!"

"But why so coy?" quoth Grim, "that you decline

To put within my bower your pretty head?"

"Tis simply this,"

Quoth cautious Miss, "I fear you'd like my pretty head so well,
You'd keep it for yourself, Sir—who can tell?"

"Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
And prove that all your fears are foolish, vain."

"I've a sore finger, sir ; nay more, I fear You really would not let it go again."

"Poh, poh, child ! pray dismiss your dread, I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head, Well then, with one kind kiss of friendship meet me."

"Ah, Sir," quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,

"I fear our salutation would be long ;
So loving, too, I fear that you would eat me."

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

PHILLIP THE FALCONER.

Music published by Duff and Hodson.

Young Phillip, the falconer's up with the day,
With his merlin on his arm,
And down the mill meadows has taken his way,

To hawk ; and, pray where's the harm ?

Phillip is stalwart and Phillip is young,
And Phillip, they say, has a musical tongue ;
The miller's young sister is fresh, and is fair,
And Phillip he always is hawking there.

MAY OUR FRIENDS NEVER BE A BURDEN TO US.

He vows and declares, believe it or not,
There is not in the kingdom, for herns, such a
spot;
And falcons, they say, to fly true to their prey,
Should be trained in the morning early.

The miller's to market, to buy him some
corn,
For work it should ne'er stand still;
A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
In the meadow below the mill;
And Phillip, grown tired of a bachelor's life,
Thinks the miller's young sister would make
a good wife:
And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile
And then a long leave taking over the style.
Oh, when he returns from market, I guess,
The miller will find he's a sister the less;
For maidens, they say, do not always say—
nay,
When they're asked in the morning early.

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH
EITHER.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you both tease me together,
To neither one word can I say.

SHE LIVES WITH HER OWN
GRANNY DEAR.

Cried William, when just come from sea,
Has any one seen my Annette?
Oh, say is she faithful to me?
Alas! tis so long since we met.
Yes, yes, an old gossip replies,
We all know her very well here.
She has red lips and bonny black eyes,
And she lives with her own granny dear.
Grenadier, did you say, grenadier?
Yes, yes, the gossip replies,
She lives with her old granny dear!

Annette flew to welcome him home,
But he turn'd from the maid in disdain!
False girl, I suppose you are come
To jeer me and laugh at my pain?
Since scandal has blotted your name,
I deem you unworthy a tear;
I've been told by an elderly dame,
That you live with your own grenadier.
Granny dear, did you say granny dear?
Yes, I'm told by an elderly dame,
That you live with your own grenadier.

Quoth pretty Annette—do your dare
To call me inconstant and frail?
Beware, master William, beware,
How you trump up an old woman's tale.

'Tis true that such stories are told,
But we can't believe half what we hear;
I own that my granny is old—
So I live with my own granny dear.
Granny dear! did you say granny dear?
Yes, I own that my granny is old,
So I live with my own granny dear.

THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every power,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep—
Then our careful watch we keep.

While the wolf in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl;
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance—
Females shriek, but no assistance.
Silence, silence, or you meet your fate!
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate!
Locks, bolts, and bars, they fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

RECITATION.

N APOLEON BONAPARTE

By G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq.

Napoleon! thou wast Emperor—and more,
For thou thine empire for thyself didst
make;
From the Atlantic to the Red Sea's shore
Didst thou the earth with conquering
legions shake.
Although thy progress lay through fields of
gore;
'Twas thine the yoke of tyrant-kings to
break,—
And though by thee young Freedom's flags
were furled,
Still didst thou liberate one half the world.

Those thrones deep in the miseries encrusted
Of suffering people, were cast down by thee;
Those sceptres with the blood of victims
rusted
Were wrested from the hands of tyranny:
And these were to thy valiant chiefs entrust-
ed,
That they might make the nations great
and free!
But, ah! though laurels waved above each
brow,
How few possessed such rectitude as thou!

Man of the Roman mind, thy giant sway
Was broken on the field of Waterloo!
Oh! where were all thy gallant chiefs on that
day—
Those kings by thee upreared?—alas! how
few
Shared the fidelity of brave Desaix!

GIVE SOUL TO EVERY GOOD FEELING.

Had all been like that veteran phalanx true,
Thou wouldst have come the victor from the
field.—

"The Old Guard dies, but it can never
yield!"

In ancient times, when Titan sealed high
heaven,

The gods fled terror-stricken from before
The arm by which their thunder-boots were
riven,

In twain, and rendered terrible no more;
Till by united force the foe driven

Back from the height which he had triumphed o'er;

And they, who erst had trembled at his
shock,
Condemned him to the vulture chain, and
rock!

Thou wast the Sultan of the modern world;
Nought could withstand the fury of thy
war

Against earth's demi-gods!—thy flags unfurled

Spread terror, scattering all their hosts
afar.

At length, by holy Leagues, thou too wast
hurled

From high Olympus,—and the guiding
star

Which long upon thy destiny did smile,
At length stood o'er St. Helena's distant
isle.

But now in glory thou dost rest for ever
Amongst the French, whom thou didst love
so well!

No hand will e'er disturb thine ashes—never
Will mortal desecrate the spot where dwell
Remains from which not even death could
sever

That dread respect and awe invincible—
That admiration joined with anxious fear,
Which waited on thy name when thou wast
here!

THE WISHING-GATE.

Published by Cramer and Co., Regent-street.

'Twas a Michaelmas eve, and rather late,
Young Fanny went out to the wishing-gate;
For often she'd heard the gossips tell
That was the spot where the fairies dwell:
The fairies who granted to maidens dear,
Whatever they asked at that time of year;
So Fanny she went,—her luck to try
At the Wishing-gate 'neath the starlight sky.

But yet you shall hear, when the tale I
state,

That Fanny repented the Wishing-gate.

"I wish for"—"I wish for,"—and here she
sighed,
"I wish I'd a carriage, and grooms beside,
I wish I had jewels—a wardrobe fine—
Oh! what a dash at the ball I'd shine!

I'd marry the richest in all the land,
And nobles and princes should ask my hand;—
And as to young Harry—but never mind,—
He must think himself happy to ride behind."

Oh! little she knew, though the truth I
state.

Young Harry stood close to the Wishing-
gate.

When Fanny went home, as the story's told,
She had heaps of fine dresses and fairy gold;
Her footmen awaited their lady's call,
And she went in her carriage to grace the ball;
Young Harry was there, but he knew her not,
Each youth that approach'd her, soon fled the
spot;

For though all her raiment was rich and gay,
Her face was bewrinkled, her hair turn'd gray
So maidens beware of poor Fanny's fate,
Don't ask for too much at the Wishing-
gate.

'TIS THEN YOU'LL THINK
OF ME.

By L. M. Thornton.

Tune—"You'll Remember me."

Now, while around you lovers throng
In hopes your hand to gain,

You seek to trifle with one heart—

And hourly cause it pain;

Allured by false and flatt'ring words,

I must forgotten be;

But when their worthlessness you prove,

'Tis then you'll think of me.

Tis then you'll think of me,
Then you'll think of me!

When time those charms for aye destroy,
Which make men flock to you,

Then must the heart and not the face

Make each to other true:

And chang'd becomes that heart which ought

Through life unchang'd to be;

And memory pictures joys that were—

Tis then you'll think of me.

Tis then you'll think of me;
Then you'll think of me.

WHO DEEPLY DRINKS OF WINE.

Gaily still my moments roll,
While I quaff the flowing bowl,
Care can never reach the soul,
Who deeply drinks of wine!

See the lover pale with grief,
Bind his brow with willow leaf,
But his soul soon finds relief—
From drinking deep of wine.

Eyes of fire and lips of dew,
Cheeks that shame the roses hue,
Dearer to me or you
Who deeply drinks of wine.

FILL THE EVER FLOWING BOWL.

Spoken. — After this, poor Hamlet vos sent away as incurable; only as how you see there vos nothing the matter with him. The poor wench was laid down among the dead men, and then vot do you think the willanous old uncle wanted to do? in fact tried to do!—why, murder the poor prince. So they got up a sort of fencing match, a kind of knock you down, and never get up again—you know.

Air—Will you come to the Bower?
Will you come to the battle, the foils wait for
you?
The tips are well seasoned to do their work
true.
Wont you, wont you, wont you, wont you
come to the fight?
Wont you, wont you, wont you, wont you come
to the fight?

Spoken. — So to the fight they went. Pass, pass, pass,—thrust. Hamlet fell, poor fellow, but he vos soon up again, and didn't he pitch it into his old uncle? didn't he fetch the wind out of him? The Queen died; Hamlet died; Laertes died; and if I don't make haste and close my ditty I shall die of fatigue. But before I give the final squeak,—

Air—Here's a health to all good Lasses.
Here's a health to all before me,
May such troubles ne'er come o'er ye;
Mind, once kill'd none can restore ye,
Deuce a bit than fight I say,
Deuce a bit than fight I say;
If you're pressed with sword or pistol,
Tell them you are off to Bristol;
Leave your card but yourself muzzle,
Where's the fun ourselves to slay?
Where's the fun ourselves to slay?

STAND TO YOUR GUNS.

Music published by Wybrow, Rathbone place.

Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak!
Let not a word on board be spoke,
Victory soon will crown the joke—
Be silent and be ready.
Ram home your guns, and sponge them
well,
Let us be sure the ball's will tell.
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell!
Be steady, boys, be steady!
Not yet—nor yet—nor yet—reserve your
fire, I do desire:—Fire!

Now the elements do rattle,
The gods, amazed, behold the battle:
A broadside, my boys.
See the blood, in purple tide,
Trickle down her battered side;
Winged with fate, the bullets fly—
Conquer, boys, or bravely die.
Hurl destruction on your foes—
She sinks—huzzar!
To the bottom down she goes.

THINK OF YOUR HEAD IN THE MORNING.

BONNY KATE.

(Dibdin.)

The wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's side would have,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Clewline, taking, spied the land.
Oh, sweet reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil—
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe!
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve—
“Oh, what avails,” cried she, “my pain?
He's swallowed in the greedy main;
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy my honest Tom!”

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud;
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display—
The given sign to show that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand;
While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd—
“But see, O heaven! a ship in view,
My Tom appears among the crew!
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—’tis honest Tom!”

What now remains were easy told:
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold;
Now rich enough, no more to roam,
To serve his king he stays at home;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her constant star
With reverence teach to bless their fates,
Young honest Tom's and bonny Kate's.

ANSWER TO LILLY DALE.

Words by L. M. Thornton.

Tune—Lilly Dale.

Oh, say have you ne'er in your bosom felt,
The foretaste of joys nigh at hand?
As you've mov'd along, mid the world's mix'd
throng,
A kind or unfriendly band.
My Lilly—dear Lilly,
My Lilly Dale;
It was so with me, ere I dreamt of thee,
And thy cheek press'd my own so pale.

I thought it was summer the whole year thro',
In the land I had journey'd to;

HAIL, MY FRIENDS, TO JOLLITY.

That grief and pain were but known by name,
As happy the moments flew.
For Lilly—dear Lilly,
My Lilly Dale;
Her form was near, my heart to cheer,
Like a stream in a desert vale.

And I wept when I woke, for the dream had fled,
And the cherub child fled too!
And many a time I myself wished dead,
For 'twould be to exist anew :—
Where Lilly—dear Lilly,
Where Lilly Dale
Striks the golden string, spreads the angel wing,
In Eden's flowery vale !

SELECTIONS FROM VIRGINIUS.

Virginia. My child! my daughter!
My daughter! my Virginia! Give her me!
Appius. Thy daughter!
Virginia. Ay! Deny that she is mine,
And I will strangle thee, unless the lie
Should choke thee first.

App. Thy daughter!
Virginia. Play not with me!
Provoke me not! Equivocate, and lo!
Thou sport'st with fire. I am wild—
distracted—mad!—
I am all a flame—a flame! I tell thee once
For all, I want my child, and will have her,
So give her to me.

App. Caged with a madman! Hoa!
Without there!
Virginia. Not a step thou stirr'st from
hence,
Till I have found my child. Attempt that
noise
Again, and I will stop the vent, that not
A squeak shall pass it. There are plugs for
you
Will keep it air tight. [showing his fingers.]
Please you give me back
My daughter.

App. In truth, she is not here, Virginia;
Or I would give her to thee.
Virginia. Would! Ay, should!
Though would were would not. Do you say,
indeed,
She is not here? You nothing know of her?
App. Nothing, Virginia, good Virginia,
nothing.

Virginia. How if I thrust my hand into
your breast,
And tore your heart out, and confronted it
With your tongue? I'd like it—Shall we try
it? Fool!
Are not the ruffians leagued? The one would
swear
To the tale o' the other.
App. By the gods, Virginia,
Your daughter is not in my keeping.

Virginia. Well,
Then I must seek her elsewhere. I did dream

That I had murder'd her—'Tis false! 'twas but
A dream. She isn't here you say.—Well,
well!

Then I must go and seek her elsewhere—Yet
She's not at home—and where else should I
seek her

But there or here! Here, here, here! Yes.
I say,

But there or here—I tell you I must find her,
She must be here, or what do you here?
What,

But such a wonder of rich beauty could
Deck out a dungeon so, as to despoil
A palace of a tenant? Art thou not
The tyrant Appius? Didst thou not decree
My daughter to be Claudius's slave, who gave
her

To his master? Have you not secured her
here,

To compress her dishonour, ere her father

Arrives to claim her?

App. No.

Virginia. Do you tell me so?
Vile tyrant! Think you, shall not I believe
My own eyes before your tongue? Why,
there she is!

There, at your back—her looks dishevell'd
and

Her vestment torn! Her cheeks are faded
with

Her pouring tears, as flowers with too much
rain!

Her form no longer kept and treasured up
By her maiden pride, like a rich casket, cast
Aside, neglected and forgot, because
The richer gem was shrined in it is lost!
Villain! Is this a sight to show a father?
And have I not a weapon to requite thee?

[Searches about his clothes.

Ha, here are ten!

App. Keep down your hands. Help, help!

Virginia. No other look but that! Look
on, look on!

It turns my very flesh to steel—Brave girl,
Keep thine eye fix'd—let it not wink—look on!

[They go out struggling.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST

Sung by Miss Romer.

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile;
Hearts that are lightest,
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them above us,
Though nature beam,
With none to love us,
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear;
Hopes still deceive us,
With tearful cost,
And when they leave us,
The heart is lost.

MAY THE ROSE OF AFFECTION NEVER DIE.

EPILOGUE.

By BARRY CORNWALL, Esq.

Spoken by Miss Brunton at the end of
"Virginia."

Leaving the common path, which many tread,
We will not wake with jokes our poet dead;
Nor shame the young creations of his pen,
By bidding all, who've perish'd, be again.
The pale Virginia, in her bloody shroud,
Lies like a shrined saint.—Oh, then, aloud
Shall we break scurril jests, and bid depart
Those thoughts of her, which fill and teach
the heart?

No moral now we offer, squared in form,
But pity, like the sun-light, bright and warm,
Comes mixed with showers; and fading,
leaves behind

A beauty and a blossom on the mind.
We do not strain to show that 'thus it grows.'
And "hence we learn" what everybody
knows:

But casting idle dogmas (words) aside,
We paint a villain in his purple pride;
And tearing down a power, that grew too
bold,

Show—merely what was done in days of old.
Leaving this image on the soul, we go
Unto our gentler story touch'd with woe,
(With woe that wantons not, nor wears away
The heart), and love too perfect to decay.
But whatsoe'er we do, we will not shame
Your better feeling with an idle game
Of grin and mimicry (a loathsome task);
Or strip the great muse of her mighty mask,
And hoot her from her throne of tears and
sighs,

Until from folly and base jest she dies.
No—let her life be long, her reign supreme—
If but a dream, it is a glorious dream.

Dwell then upon our tale, and bear along
With you deep thoughts—of love—of bitter
wrong—
Of freedom—of sad pity—and lust of pow'r.
The tale is fitted for an after-hour.

MERRILY GOES THE MILL.

By George Colman.

Merrily rolls the mill-stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry to-night shall be my song,
As ever the gay lark's trill.
While the stream shall flow,
And the mill shall go,
And my garners are bravely stored;
Come all who will,
There's a welcome still,
At the joyful miller's board.
Well may the miller's heart be light,
Well may his song be gay,
For the rich man's smile and the poor
man's pray'r
Have been his for many a day.
And they bless the name
Of the miller's dame,

REFORMATION TO THE DRUNKARD.

In cots where the lowly mourn;
For want and woe
At her coming go,
And joy and peace return.
Fair is the miller's daughter too,
With her locks of golden hair,
With her laughing eye and sunny brow;
Still better is she than fair.
She hath lighten'd toil,
With her winning smile;
And if ever his heart was sad,
Let her sing the song,
He hath loved so long,
And the miller's heart was glad.
Merrily rolls, &c.

OH, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK
O'MAUT

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

"We are na fou', we're na that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree."

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've been merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be.
We are na fou', &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae high;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my troth, she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are na fou', &c.

THE MAD GIRL'S SONG.

By Thomas Dibdin.

Oh, take me to your arms, my love,
For keen the wind doth blow
Oh, take me to your arms, my love,
For bitter is my woe.
She hears me not, she cares not,
Nor will she list to me;
And here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree.
I once had gold and silver;
I thought them without end.
I once had gold and silver;
I thought I had a friend.
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love is stol'n from me;
And here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree.

CULTIVATE GOOD MANNERS.

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